ODES.
IN IMITATION
OF THE SEAVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMES,

VVith

Sundry other Poemes and ditties tending to deuotion and pietie.



IMPRINTED,
ANNO DOMINI.
M. D. CI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE VERTVOVS LADIES AND GENTLEVVOMEN READERS OF THESE DITTIES.

WHen for my owne priuate recreation I had penned ſome of theſe poemes yet not entēding to make them publyke, for that I feared their ſoone receauing the deſerued cenſure of the ſlenderneſſe of their woorth. Yet hauing by chaunce communicated them with a freind, I was not a litle vrged, to affoord them the libertie of open view, but alſo perſwaded to their further augmentation. And now hauing yeilded vnto the one, & aduentured the other, I knew no better way then to make dedication of them vnto your ſelues, whoſe ſweete voyces or virginalles may vouchſafe ſo to grace them, as that thereby they may be much bettered, and the rather yf it ſhal pleaſe you to obtaine of ſome ſkilful Muſitian, ſuch requiſite tunes, as may vnto them be beſt fitting. And therein craving your helpful furtherance, and for my preſumption your fauourable pardon, I humbly take my leaue, excuſing my ſelf with my owne good meaning:

Vttred as enſueth. Vid.

The vaine conceits of loues delight
I leaue to *Ouids* arte,
Of warres and bloody broyles to wryte
Is fit for *Virgils* parte.

Of tragedies in doleful tales
Let *Sophocles* entreat:
And how vnstable fortune failes
Al Poets do repeat.

But vnto our eternal king
My verse and voyce I frame
And of his saintes I meane to sing
In them to praise his name.

Yours in his best endeuours R. V.

ODES.

IN IMITATION OF THE SEAVEN PENITENTIAL Pſalmes:

To ſo-many ſeueral tunes of Muſick.

In imitation of the firſt penitential Pſalme.

Beginning.

Domine ne in furore. Pſalm. 6.

WHen my miſdeedes o God
May thee to anger mooue,
Amiddes the rigour of thy rage
Vouchſafe mee not reprooue.

Nor when for my offence
Thy chaſtiſment muſt bee,
In thy diſpleaſure o deere Lord
Let it not light on mee.

Thy mercies Lord I craue
Of ſtrength I am bereft,
O ſalue the ſoreneſſe that my ſin
Vpon my bones hath left.

My much agrieued ſoule
In ſorrowes doth abound,

How long o Lord ſhal they endure
Or comfort be vnfound.

O turne thy ſelf to mee
And rid my ſoule of paine,
Eu'n for thy mercies which exceed
And euer do remaine.

O haſten thee o Lord
To ſaue and ſet me free,
Amongſt the dead (to their auaile)
Ther's none can thinck on thee.

And in the depth of hel
VVhere there is no redreſſe,
VVho is it that wil giue the praiſe
Or vnto thee confeſſe?

My ſighinges for my ſinnes
Haue paſt in painful wiſe,
And I each night wil waſh my bed
VVith teares of wailing eyes.

My ſight is vext with feare
Of fury in thy rage,
Oh that my ſinnes muſt be my foes
To weare mee out in age.

A way a way from mee
All yee that are vniuſt,
Let him my mournful ſound receaue
In whome I put my truſt.

That I with ioy may ſay
How to my ſutes accord,
Voutſafed hath to condeſcend
My deere and louing Lord.

Let ſhame my foes befall
And vexed let them bee,
Their owne conuerſion or their ſhame
Lord let them quickly ſee.

Glory o God to thee
And vnto Chryſte thy ſonne,
As alſo to the holy ghoſte
Let endleſly be donne.

AMEN.

In imitation of the ſecond penitential Pſal. Beginning.

Beati quorum remiſſe ſunt, Pſalm. 31.

O How much bleſt may they remaine
That pardon for their guylt obtaine,
And whoſe great il and each offence
Lies hid in contryte penitence.

VVhat happy ſtate may hee be in
To whome our Lord imputes no ſin,
VVhoſe conſcience doth no guyle retaine
That can himſelf beguyle againe.

I did my ſinnes in ſylence hold,
In grief whereof my bones grew old,
Mane whyle my dayes in plaintes of paine
VVithout redreſſe I ſpent in vaine.

But when o Lord thy heauy hand
No day or night I could withstand,
But that in anguish ouerworne
My conscience prickt as with a thorne.

Lo then o Lord I did begin
To vtter all my secret sin,
No longer list I ought conceale
But each iniustice to reueale.

Against my self I said wil I
My wronges confesse and faultes defy,
To thee o Lord, o Lord to thee
That haest from all absolued mee.

And since I thus thy mercies fynde
Let each of good and godly mynde,
Aproche to thee in happy tyme
To pray for pardon of his cryme.

For such as so do sinck in sin
That stil they plunged lie therein,
Vnable are of thee to gaine
VVhat contryte sinners can obtaine.

O Lord my refuge restes in thee
VVhen troubles do enuyron mee,
O free me then my freedomes ioy
From such as seeke mee to annoy.

Great comfortes Lord I do conceaue
Thow mee thy seruant wilt not leaue,
But wilt instruct and guyd me right
And kepe me euer in thy sight.

O yee that careless are of grace
Behold and see your brutish cale,

And be not as the horſe and mule
That liue deuoyd of reaſons rule.

And thow, o Lord in mercies ryf
Voutſafe reſtraine their ſtraying lyf,
VVith bit and brydle make them ſtay
That vnto thee wil not obey.

Since that for thoſe of ſinful trade
Ful many ſcourges there be made,
VVel him, that doth in God repoſe
VVhoſe mercies may his ſoule encloſe.

Be therefore ioyful in our Lord
All that to righteouſneſſe accord,
Let each with gladneſſe beare his parte
That hath a pure and perfect harte.

All glory bee O Lord to thee
And to thy Sonne in lyke degree
As alſo to the holy Ghoſte
Perpetual and enduring moſte.

AMEN.

In imitation of the third penitential Pſal. Beginning.

Domine ne in furore. Pſalm. 37.

AMiddes thy fury my deere lord
Rebuke not mee,
Nor let thy chaſticement befall
VVhen wrathful thow ſhalt bee.

Thy arrowes in my ſelf I fecle
Alredy ſtand,
I ſee o Lord thow fixed haeſt
At me thy ayming hand.

VVithin my ſelf (o wo is mee)
No health I fynde,
Through feare and terror of thy face
That ſemes ſo wrath enclynde.

My very bones diſturbed bee,
Gon is their peace,
My owne beholding of my ſinnes
Doth woork my woes encreaſe.

And as my ſinnes ſurmounting are,
I muſt confeſſe,
So are they mounted on my head
And heauy me opreſſe.

My crymes forepaſt and pardoned
Lyke ſcarres remaine,
That putryfyde break out a new
Becauſe I ſin againe.

A woful wretche am I become
Crooked I grow,
Each day I waile and whyle I liue.
I will continew ſo.

My members by illuſions led
Mee ſo reſtraine,
My healthleſſe body is vnapt
True vertue to retaine.

By great affliction I am brought
Exceeding low,

Be moued Lord through my lowd groanes
Thy mercies to beſtow.

My ſutes o Lord tend all to thee
Thow knoweſt my caſe,
My plaintes and penance Lord accept
That ſo I may haue grace.

VVithin my ſelf my ſilly hart
Is vexed ſtil,
My force is loſt, my ſight I lack,
To ſee and ſhun my il.

In my diſpleaſing thee o Lord
Right wel I ſee,
My freindes are foes, my ſoule is ſought
And force is wrought on mee.

They wiſh my il, and ſpeake my ſcorne,
And when they ſmyle,
Their hate admittes no tyme of ſtay
To ſtudy fraud and goyle.

But I alas with patience preſt
Muſt all for-beare,
Lyke to the dumb and ſeeming deaf
I neither ſpeak nor heare,

And for becauſe o gratious God
I truſt in thee,
Thow wilt I know my louing Lord
Giue eare and ayd to mee.

Let not o Lord my foes preuaile
Leaſt they reioyce,
Sith ſcars my feet I may remoue
But they aduance their voice.

Of my misdeedes I am prepard
To beare the smart,
Stil is my sin before my sight
And sorrow in my hart.

I wil reuolue my faultes fore-past
Amiddes my mynde,
And those I truly wil confesse
That I may mercy fynde.

Hate hath confirmd on me my foes
In wrongful wyse
And stil they liue and do encrease
VVhose enuy neuer dies.

They yeild me il that gaue them good
And me defy,
Because I goodnesse would ensue
From which they seeke to fly.

Forsake me not o Lord my God
In state destrest,
Be redy Lord to my relief
My lyf in thee doth rest.

To Father Sonne and holy Ghost
All glory bee,
From former endlesse date to dure
To all eternitie.

AMEN.

In imitation of the fourth penitential Pſal.

Beginning.

Miſerere mei Deus. Pſal. 50.

HAue mercy o good God on mee
In greatneſſe of thy grace,
O Let thy mercies manifold
My many faultes deface.

Foule filthy loath-ſome vgly ſin
Hath ſo defyled me,
VVith ſtreames of pittie waſh me cleane
Els cleane I cannot bee.

To wel my foule vnclenſed crymes
Remembrance do renew,
To plaine in anguiſh of my hart
They ſtand before my view.

To thee alone o Lord to thee
Theaſe euilles I haue donne;
And in thy preſence, wo is mee,
That ere they were begun.

But ſince thow pardon promiſeſt
VVhere hartes-true-ruthe is ſhowne,
Shew now thy mercies vnto mee
To make thy iuſtneſſe knowne.

That ſuch as do infringe thy grace
Be made aſham'd and ſhent,

As ryſe

As ryſe thy mercies to behold
As ſinners to repent.

VVith fauour view my ſoule deffects
In crymes I did begin,
My nature bad, my mother fraile,
Conceau'd I was in ſin.

But ſince thy ſelf affecteſt truthe
And truthe it ſelf is thee,
I truly hope to haue thy grace
From ſin to ſet me free.

Since to thy faithful thow before
The ſecret ſcyence gaue,
VVhereby to know what thow would'ſt ſpend
The ſinful world to ſaue.

VVhoſe heav'nly hyſope ſacred droppes
Shal me beſprinckle ſo,
That it my ſin-defyled ſoule
Shal waſh more whyte then ſnow.

O when myne eares receaue the ſound
Of ſuch my ſoules releaſe,
How do ſin-laden lymmes reioyce
At hattes true ioyes encreaſe?

From my miſdeedes retyre thy ſight
View not ſo foule a ſtaine,
Firſt wype a way, my ſpots impure
Then turne thy face againe.

A cleane and vndefyled hart
O God creat in mee,
Let in me Lord, of righteouſneſſe
A ſpirit infuſed bee.

From that moſt glorious face of thyne
O caſt me not away.
Thy holy Ghoſte voutſafe o God
VVith mee that it may ſtay.

The ioy of thy ſaluation Lord
Reſtore to me againe
And with thy ſpryte of graces chief
Confirme it to remaine.

That when at thy moſt gracious hand
My ſutes receaued bee,
The impious I may inſtruckt
How they may turne to thee.

For when o Lord I am releaſt
From vengeance and from blood,
How ioyful ſhal I ſpeak of thee
So gratious and ſo good.

Thow Lord wilt giue me leaue to ſpeak,
And I thy praiſe wil ſhew,
For ſo the graces do requyre,
Thow doeſt on me beſtow.

If thow ſin-offringes had'ſt deſyrd,
As wonted weere to bee,
How gladly thoſe for all my illes,
I would haue yeilded thee.

But thow accepts in ſacrifiſe,
A ſorowing ſoule for ſin,
Deſpyſing not the hart contryte,
And humbled mynde within.

Deale gratiouſly o louing Lord,
In thy free bounties wil,

VVith

VVith Syon, thy dere ſpouſe in earth,
And fortify it ſtil.

That ſo thow maieſt thence receaue,
That ſoueraigne ſacryfiſe,
From alter of all faithful hartes,
Deuoutly where it lies.

To thee o Father glory bee
And glory to the Sonne,
And glory to the holy Ghoſt
Eternally be donne.

AMEN.

In imitation of the fyft penitential Pſal.

Beginning.

Domine exaudi orationem meam. Pſal. 101.

OLet o Lord thyne eares enclyned bee
To heare the prayers that I make to thee:
And my hartes griefe that breaketh forth in cryes
O let it haue the power to pearce the ſkyes.

Turne not from me thy fauourable face,
VVhat day or howre I am in heauy caſe:
But when I call to thee in my deſtreſſe
O heare me Lord and ſend me ſoone redreſſe.

My dayes and yeares alas with litle gaine
Lyke vnto ſmoke how are they paſt in vaine:
My forces Lord how are they parch'd and dry,
Deuotions lack yeilds moiſture no ſupply.

The bla-

The blasted grasse my image now can shew,
My withered hart confirmes that it is so:
And I forgotten haue vnto my grief,
To eat the bread of my soules best relief.

And my toomuch regard of earthly care
Before my self for grace I could prepare,
Made reason to abandon reason quyte,
And to affection fast it self vnyte.

But now o Lord, since that I do begin
To see my self, and know the shame of sin,
From earthly traine I wil retyre my mynde,
Thee wil I seeke, my sauing helth to fynde.

In desert lyke as liues the Pelicane,
Or as the crow that doth day-light refraine
Or chirping sparow sitting all alone.
I shrowd, I watche, retyr'd, I make my mone.

But whyle O Lord I do endure this lyf
Expecting peace by fleeing wordly stryf
Old freindes I fynde become new noysome foes
O loue me Lord, for losse of loue of those.

My penance not restraind through scorne of theirs,
My food I take with ashes & with teares:
Thee more I feare, least thow on me should'st frowne,
That can'st mee raise, and raising cast me downe.

My dayes declyne as doth a shadow passe,
And I as hay that whylome was as grasse:
But thow from age to age shalt euer bee,
Then euermore o Lord forget not mee.

Vouchsafe o Lord in puissance to aryse,
To raise thy Sion that depressed lies;

Now is the tyme, the tyme doth now expyre,
It mercy wantes, and mercy doth desyre.

This glorious woork was first begun by thee,
Thy seruants earst were glad the stones to see:
And they wil grieue with hartes-afflicted care,
If so the ruynes thow do'st not repare.

But when o Lord thy woorks shal shew thy fame
The faithlesse people then shal feare thy name:
And eartly kinges shal bend their glory downe,
At thy celestial glorie and renowne.

Because thy Churche thy Syon thow did'st buyld,
VVhere thow would'st euer haue thy honor hild:
And haest not vnregarded hard the plaint,
Of faithful folk, thrall'd in vntruths restraint.

And that no tyme remembrance may impare,
Of thy maintayned woork, and mercy rare,
Let people now, for people to ensew,
Thy prayse record, thy praises to renew,

For from high heauen to this low earthly place,
From blis to bale our Lord enclynes his face:
The groanes to hear, the greiued to releasse,
To free from thrall, to make affliction ceasse.

The more may Sion now sound foorth his fame,
Ierusalem his praises may proclame:
VVhere in his Churche his people do accord,
And whereas kings are subiects to their Lord.

VVho may o Lord thy dateless dayes relate,
That of all ages ouerpasse the date:
It's thow to vs haest put apointed space,
O stop not me ere half I run my race.

The

The world and welkin firſt by thee were made,
Thow heauens ſphere, thow earths foundation laid,
Thow ſhalt endure, they ſhal conſumed bee,
Thow madeſt tyme, tyme hath no force on thee.

Theaſe elements by alteration ſtrange,
Shal changed bee, and ſo remaine in change:
But thow o Lord that woorkes all at thy wil,
VVa'ſt earſt the ſame, the ſame remayning ſtil.

Vouſaſe o Lord there oſſpring to preſerue,
That thee in feare and faith and loue do ſerue:
And in thy wayes directed to remaine,
A laſting lyf in laſting bliſſe to gaine.

Vnto the Father, Sonne and holy Ghoſte,
All praiſe and glory be aſcrybed moſte,
As herefore before the world begun
And as it now, and euer ſhalbe donne.

AMEN.

In imitation of the ſixt penitential Pſal. Beginning.

De profundis clamaui ad te Domine. Pſal. 129.

EV'n from the depth of woes
VVherein my ſoule remaines,
To thee in ſupreame bliſ
O Lord that higheſt raignes,
I do both call and cry:

Now is the tyme, the tyme doth now expyre,
It mercy wantes, and mercy doth desyre.

This glorious woork was first begun by thee,
Thy seruants earst were glad the stones to see:
And they wil grieue with hartes-afflicted care,
If so the ruynes thow do'st not repare.

But when o Lord thy woorks shal shew thy fame
The faithlesse people then shal feare thy name:
And eartly kinges shal bend their glory downe,
At thy celestial glorie and renowne.

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VVherein his Churche his people do accord,
And whereas kings are subiects to their Lord.

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That of all ages ouerpasse the date:
It's thow to vs haest put apointed space,
O stop not me ere half I run my race.

The

The world and welkin first by thee were made,
Thow heauens sphere, thow earths foundation laid,
Thow shalt endure, they shal consumed bee,
Thow madest tyme, tyme hath no force on thee.

Thease elements by alteration strange,
Shal changed bee, and so remaine in change:
But thow o Lord that woorkes all at thy wil,
VVa'st earst the same, the same remayning stil.

Vouſafe o Lord there ofſpring to preſerue,
[illegible] in feare and faith and loue do ſerue:
[illegible]ayes directed to remaine,
[illegible]ting bliſſe to gaine.

[illegible]r, Sonne and holy Ghoſte,
[illegible]y be aſcrybed moſte,
[illegible]e the world begun
[illegible]d euer ſhalbe donne.

AMEN.

In imitation of the ſixt penitential Pſal.

Beginning.

De profundis clamaui ad te Domine. Pſal. 129.

EV'n from the depth of woes
VVherein my ſoule remaines,
To thee in ſupreame blis
O Lord that higheſt raignes,
I do both call and cry:

T'is deep hart-sorrowes force
That moues me thus to waile,
T'is pittie Lord in thee
Must make it to auaile,
Thyne eares therefore aply.

If strictly thow o Lord
Obserued haest my sinne,
Alas what shal I do?
VVhat case then am I in?
If rigour thow extend:
But wel o Lord I know
Sweet mercy dwelles with thee,
And with thy iustice then
It must expected bee,
And I therefore attend.

My soule doth wait on thee,
Thy grace confirmes my trust,
My warrant is thy woord:
Thow keepest promis iust,
Keep me o Lord secure:
Let thy afflicted flock
Comfort in thee retaine,
From dauning day to night,
From night to day againe,
Let stil their hope endure.

There is with our good God
Much mercie stil in store,
Redemption doth remaine
VVith him for euermore,
Aboundant is his grace:

His peo-

His people he affects
He wil not leaue deſtreſt,
The thralled he wil free,
VVith eaſe of their vnreſt,
And all their faultes deface.

All glory be therefore
O Father vnto thee,
And ſo vnto the Sonne,
The lyke great glory bee,
And to the holy Ghoſte:
Such as it wonted was,
Before the world began,
Such as now yet it is,
And euer ſhal remaine,
Aboue all glorie moſte.

AMEN.

In imitatiõ of the ſeauenth penitẽtial Pſal. Beginning.

Domine exaudi orationem meam. Pſalm. 142.

VOutſafe admit thy gratiouseares,
VVith myld regard for to attend,
The prayers that a playning hart,
VVith ſorowing ſighes to thee doth ſend:
And let thereto o louing Lord
Thy iuſtice and thy truthe accord.

In rigour of thy righteous doome
O do not ſkan thy ſeruants cauſe,
For there is none on earth alyue
Through faultleſſe lyf free'd from thy lawes:
Then how may I in ſinful plight
Seeme iuſt in thy all-ſeeing ſight?

The freind of ſin, the foe of ſoules,
Down to the earth my ſoule hath brought,
VVhich to the heauen ſhould aſpyre,
Since from the heauen it was wrought:
O raiſe it vp againe to blis
From earth and all that earthly is.

Amids the darck miſ-led am I,
VVhere lack of light ſinnes view denies,
I liue a lyf more lyke to death,
VVhyle dead from grace my body lies:
And whereas care through ſecret ſmart
Sends anguyſh to afflict my hart.

But I o Lord recall to mynde
VVhat thow haſt donne in tyme before,
And how thy iuſtice hath bene great,
But how thy mercy hath bene more:
Thus hope of help ſtil comfort giues,
VVhile mercy ſtil with iuſtice liues.

My ſtretched hands to thee diſplay
The enſignes of my yeilding hart,
My ſoule as earth that water wants
Of vertues frute can beare no parte:
I faint, ſend ſoone relief of raine,
Leaſt els vnfruteful I remaine.

Thy face

Thy face of pittie not of wrath
Turne not o louing Lord from mee,
And let not Lord my owne misdeedes
Haue lasting force to anger thee:
For so might I compare my case
To theirs that furthest fal from grace.

But since my hope is fixt me in thee
Let me betymes thy mercy haue,
The way of helth make knowne to mee,
My feete from erring paths to saue:
Only to thee my soule retyres,
Only thy mercy it desyres.

O free mee from my sinful foes,
To thee I fly to be secure,
Teach me the lesson of thy wil,
And let me put it wel in vre,
Thow art my God and God of all
That for thy ayd and comfort call.

Thow wilt voutsafe to mee o Lord
Thy holy spryt to bee my guyd,
My faith and hope in thee is sutch,
And sutch it euer shal abyde:
Reuyue thow wilt mee for thy name,
Goodnes in thee requyres the same.

So that at last by thee o God
My soule from bale to blis bee brought,
And that in mercy thow subuert
All those my soules destruction sought:
And force of foes destroy'd may bee,
And I made safe for seruing thee.

All glory bee to thee o God,
The Father of eternal might:
And to the Sonne, and holy Ghoste,
Three in an vndeuyded plight:
As now it is, and was of yore,
And shal endure for euermore.

AMEN.

EXTRACTS OF THE SIBYLLAES PROPHESIES OF CHRISTE.

Sibylla Perſica.

THow ſerpent fraught wirh craft and crueltie
Shalt by a mightier ſtrength bee troden low,
And on baſe earth, the high God borne ſhalbee,
And from a maid the branch of blis ſhal grow:
And that true woord, vnſeene before of all,
Shal now be ſeene, and ſhalbe felt withall.

Sibylla Libyca.

IN obſcure darcknes light ſhal gliſtring ſhyne,
The Synagogs ſtraight bands vnbound ſhalbee:
The king of lyf be ſeene of mortal eyen,
And in a maidens lap ſhal nowriſht bee,
And high aboue the gentils hee ſhal raigne,
And ſhal in mercie his eſtate maintaine.

Sibylla Delphica.

ATtend (o earth) thy ſoueraigne Lord to ſee,
And know thy God, which is Gods only ſonne:
Chyld of the higheſt, and moſte high is hee,
VVhoſe beeing by no earthly wight begun:
Hee ſhal the great expexted prophet bee,
Of woorthy greatneſſe, and great dignitie.

Sibylla Cumea.

A Maid excelling all in ſainctitie
And whoſe cleere beauty ſhal the ſtarres exceed
Of Chyld (in future tyme) conceau'd ſhalbe,
And of the rareſt ſacred blood and ſeed:
And from the heauens the ſweet dew downe ſhal fal
Into her breſts to nowriſh him withal.

Sibylla Erithrea.

IN later age, high God wil him abaſe,
And vnto low eſtate himſelf inclyne,
Mixing his nature with our humaine race,
His Godheid to our manheid to combyne:
And lo the litle lamb in ſtrawy bed,
Shal of a maid be nowriſhed and fed.

Sibylla

Sibylla Samia.

O Fond *Iudea*, why do'ſt thow neglect,
The certaine knowlege of thy very God,
Thy happy dayes why do'ſt thow ſo reiect?
O why do'ſt thow prepare for him a rod?
VVith thorny crowne his head why do'ſt thow preſſe?
And for his taſte a bitter potion dreſſe.

Sibylla Cumana.

WHat tyme the third dayes ſleep hath taken end
The tyme preſcrybed alſo end ſhal take,
Of death, whoſe rule to that ſpace did extend,
And then as from his ſleep ſhal wax awake,
Hee whoſe now bringing liues reuyued ioy,
Shal ſhew how men from death may lyfe enioy.

Sibylla Heliſpontiaca.

EVen from the heau'ns moſte high & ſtately throne
The eyes of God the earth ſhal oueruiew,
And of all creatures take regard of one,
Of modeſt meekneſſe, and moſte gratious hew:
And as a man God ſhal bee borne on earth,
And of an hebrew virgin haue his birth.

Sibylla Phrigia.

THe earth ſhal rent at feareful trumpet ſound,
And kinges as vaſſals at Gods ſeat appeere,
In iuſtice all his iudgments ſhal abound,
Yeilding to men as men deſerued heere:
vnto the good, ſtil during heauenly ioy,
And to the il, long-laſting helles annoy.

Sibylla Tiburtina.

THow *Bethlem* arte the birth-place of thy Lord,
That doth from *Nazareth* aſſume his name,
O bleſſed moother, blis doth thee affoord,
His loue, that leaues himſelf pledge of the ſame:
O bleſſed bee that ſweet milk-yeilding breſt,
To nowriſh God, right happely adreſt.

FINIS.

THE FIFTEEN MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARIE, OF OVR BLESSED LADY.

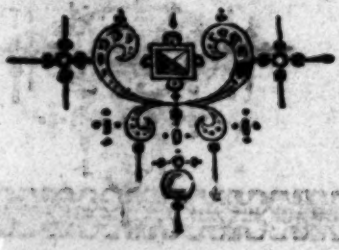
WHEREOF

The first fyue. are ioyful.
The second sorowful.
And the third glorious.



Conteyning the Annuntiation of our blessed Lady.

WHen heau'ns rare loue resolued mannes releas
From thrall to him that first produced sin,
It was decreed that this redeeming peace,
Must by a God and by a man begin,
Then on Ambassage was an Angel sent,
vnto the best of all the best on earth,
VVith grace-ful greeting to declare th'intent,
Of Gods designe in such a sacred berth.
And euen as shee assented to the same,
Eft-soones in her conception did begin,
And blessednes gaue tytle to her name,
And ioy at her glad hart did enter in.





Conteyning our ladies viſitation of S. Elizabeth.

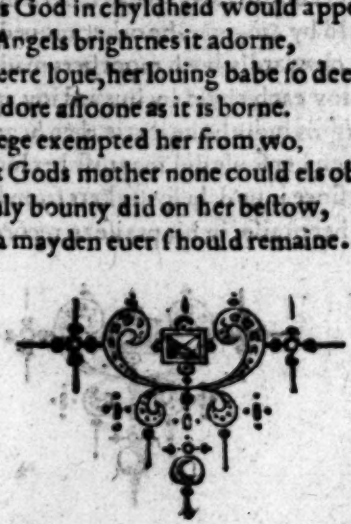
HEr change exchang'd not humbleneſſe for pryde,
That bore Gods Sonne and yet would go to ſee,
Her in whoſe wombe Gods ſeruant did reſyde,
vaine pointes could not with her pure vertue bee.
And as her cooſins eares receau'd her voyce,
One chyld by *Simpathy* the other moued,
VVhich outwardly both moothers made reioyce,
VVhoſe ioy each chyld by inward ioy approoued,
From virgins mouth the dittie then begun,
How much her ſoule did magnify her lord,
VVhich ſince inur'd help-ſeekers from her ſonne
Therein her praiſe, in his praiſe to record.





Conteyning the birth of Christe.

AT Ceasars hest to Bethlem shee repaires,
As duty wild, where duty had no claime,
No harbenger her loging there prepares,
Her poore estate syndes harbor lyke thesame.
But when as God in chyldheid would appere,
Odors and Angels brightnes it adorne,
And with deere loue, her louing babe so deere,
Shee doth adore assoone as it is borne.
High priuilege exempted her from wo,
VVhich but Gods mother none could els obtaine,
And heauenly bounty did on her bestow,
That shee a mayden euer should remaine.



The fourth ioyful myſterie.

Conteyning the preſentation of Chriſte in the temple.

AT tyme prefixt by ryte of auncient lore,
That now the moother muſt her babe preſent,
Though not impure, but purer then before,
And pureneſſe bringing with her where ſhee went.
As warned then, through hyre of hope and faith,
Good Simeon comes, to ſee his wiſhed ſight,
VVhere as the Swan he ſinges before his death,
And in one ioy doth end all worlds delight.
And all the yeares old Anne deuoutly ſpent,
That with her age encreaſt her godly zeale,
Did now bring ioy vnto her hartes content,
And ioy to all where ioy ſhee did reueale.

The fift ioyful mysterie.

Conteyning our Ladies fynding of Christe in the temple.

SEqueſtred loue doth foſter grief and ioy,
Twixt feare of loſſe and hope of happy gaine,
Such was her caſe that loſt her litle Boy,
VVhoſe ioy reuyu'd in fynding him againe.
In Temple once buylt by the wyſeſt king,
VVhere not til now the wiſe king took his place,
VVho yet no kingly porte did thether bring,
But wiſdome vttred with a chyldiſh face.
VVith lyke in yeares ſhee haply might him ſeek,
But did him fynde with doctors in diſpute,
He left repoſe to fraudleſſe myndes and meek,
And took in hand wiſe folly to confute.

The firſt ſorowful myſterie.

Conteyning the apprehenſion of Chriſte.

WO woorth that ſorow ſhould ſucceed to ioy,
Or for the il the good ſuſtaine the ſmart,
But ſince the ſonne would ſuffer wronges annoy,
The mother beares her vndeſerued parte.
For when as hee deſtreſt in garden prayd,
And bloody ſweat ran downe his face amayne,
And Iudas falſe him Iudaſly betrayd,
Loſt ioy her left, betrayed vnto payne.
And when with rage the Iewes led him away,
Then anguiſh her ſurpryſ'd and led in thrall,
And all that outwardly on him they lay,
Doth inwardly vnto her hart befall.

The ſecond ſorowful myſterie.

Conteyning the ſcourging of Chriſte.

TO Apeaſe the rage of cauſeleſſe raging Iewes,
falſe Pylate wild true Chriſte ſhould ſcourged bee,
Cryme knew he none, and yet he did refuſe,
vnpuniſhed to ſet the guiltleſſe free.
Then was ſweet Ieſus to a piller tyde,
And helhoundes laſht at his faire tender ſkin,
Embrude with blood al round on euery ſyde,
Thinck then how ſtood th'aquyter of our ſin.
And in what ſorrow his poore moother ſtood,
For his great good, their ſo great il to view,
Her hart bled inward, and diſtild the blood,
Foorth at her eyes, though altred in the hew.

The third ſorowful myſterie.

Conteyning the crowning of Chriſt with a crowne of thorne.

FOr change of torture not for eaſe of grief,
The Iewes do from the piller Chriſte vnloſe,
VVhyle his ſad mothers hopes of his relief,
Encreaſe her ſorow in his lengthned woes.
For they his dolour to deryde and ſcorne,
The king of kinges in mockage king do call,
And on his head they fix a crowne of thorne,
And in his hand a reed to rule withall.
Yeilding pure loue impure diſpight and hate,
Accurſed rebels to a king of grace,
That purchaſe now the due diſgraceful ſtate,
Of their ſtil kingleſſe and contemptuous race,



Conteyning Chriſte his bearing of his Croſſe.

WHen Pylat preſſed by the Iewiſh rage, (death,
VVith wreſted conſcyence gaue the doome of
The Iewes made haſt their fury to aſwage,
In the extinguiſhing lyf-giuers breath.
And his deaths engyne, burthen of his wo,
They make him beare, that him to beare they made,
Him in the way to death to tortur ſo,
Til they his fainting force, giue forced ayd.
VVel may his mother mourne this to obſerue,
That from his burthen lodes her mynd with woes,
And he wel aſke what withered ſtocks deſerue:
VVhen fruteful trees are ſerued ſo of thoſe.



Conteyning the crucifying of Chriſte.

OH wo is mee at this great end of grief,
Chriſte is arryued at his dying place,
Lamblyke he ſtandes, bereſt of all relief,
Subiect of ſorow, vaſſal of diſgrace.
For on his croſſe all naked they him nail,
And reare it vp, and wound him in the ſyde,
VVhich all the bleſt of heauen do bewayl,
VVhyle of the earth th'accurſedſt it deryde.
The ſwoord of ſorow peirſeth now the hart,
Of his lamenting mother in her dolour moſte,
VVhoſe deere Sonnes ſorrow, and ſurmounting ſmart,
Now takes an end, in yeilding of his ghoſte.



Conteyning the resurrection of Christe.

SVbdued sorrow glory now ensues,
For from the crosse the soule of Christ descending,
Bringes to expecting soules the cheerefulnewes,
Of heauens entrance, their detaynments ending.
And to his corpe his ghoste return'd againe,
Triumphant raiseth it from closed toombe,
Terror vnto the actors of his paine,
VVhose hate, and death, and hel, is ouercome,
And glory that his sorowes now had chased,
Extinguisht wo in his kynde mothers hart,
And glory there and in all others placed,
That of his anguish had sustayned parte.

The second glorious mystere.

Conteyning the ascention of Christe into heauen.

WHen forty dayes the day had ouerpast, (ken,
Of that new lyf that Christe from death had ta-
He did resolue his heauens returne at last,
To leaue the world that had him first forsaken.
And hauing to his mother now appeered,
And also vnto his apostles true,
Confirmd in faith, and in his glory cheered,
On Oliue mount he biddes them all adieu.
And there lifted vp himself to sacred blis,
Th'unworthy world no more him so retaynes,
And all the glory that in heauen is,
To him is yeilded and to him remaynes.

The third glorious mysterie.

Conteyning the comming downe of the holy Ghost.

PLac'd in his throne and glorious chaire of state,
Our louing Lord regardful of one weal,
VVould let no more then ten dayes run their date,
Ere he his keeping promis would reueal.
VVhat tyme his mother and disciples bent,
In secret wyse to inuocare his name,
Down vnto them his holy Ghost he sent,
VVith glorious fyre their hartes for to enflame,
And to conioyne to his Churche now begonne,
That spirit of truthe that euer must it guyde,
In only truthe, whyle shyneth any Sun,
Maugre the woonst, of daunted hellish pryde.

The fourth glorious mysterie.

Conteyning the assumption of our blessed Lady.

WHen hence to parte the virgin did obtayne,
The *Hierarchies* their due attendance gaue,
To bring her sin-lesse soule to endlesse raigne, (ue.
VVhyle saintes on earth brought her pure corps to gra-
VVhich therein laid, and found thence to be tane,
Makes pietie to faith to recomend,
That soone her soule to earth return'd againe,
And tooke her corps and did therewith ascend.
A due prerogatiue, and due alone,
Vnto that body that had borne a chyld,
As neuer did, nor neuer shal do none,
That neuer was with thought of sin defyld.

The fyft glorious myſterie.

Conteyning the coronation of our bleſſed Lady.

Aſſumpted ſo with ſoule and corps combyned,
As glorious as at laſt the bleſt ſhal-bee,
And placed in her princely ſeat aſygned,
Lyke to her woorthy ſelf appeered ſhee.
And that eternal euer three in one,
There crowned her the higheſt heauens Queene,
VVhere angels yeilded honor to her throne,
As ſeemly might to her eſtate bee ſeene.
And ſhee that earſt repleniſht was with grace,
Now plac'd where grace flowes out in plenties ſtore,
VVhere as ſhee ſees her ſonnes moſt gratious face,
And ſues for ſuch as ſue to her therefore.

AVE MARIA.

HAil Marie, filled ful of grace,
Our Lord remaines with thee,
And thow among'ſt thy ſexes race,
Remaineſt bleſt to bee.

And as thow bleſſed did'ſt become,
So did'ſt thow bleſſed bring,
The bleſſed frute that from thy wombe,
So bleſſedly did ſpring.

Both now and when wee yeild our ghoſte,
To him prefer our caſe,
Becauſe his mercy laſteth moſte,
And thow art ful of grace.

EPITHETES OF OVR BLESSED LADY.

Templum Dei.

WHen God would from the heauēs to earth his progres take,
No pallace there he found, that might him entertaine,
Saue one rare edifice, which earth-quake could not shake,
The woorthiest woork of praise, that might on earth remaine.
Faire court of sanctitie, made holier for his sake,
That thee the Temple made, his presence to conteyne:
O Temple where as God, vouchsafed for to bee,
Stil may wee him adore, adoring stil in thee.

Porta Cæli.

WHen grace came frō aboue, then wa'st thou made the gate,
By which it entred heer, & brought the hope of blis,
Which hope in hartes of men, remaineth stil in state,
And stil through faith and loue, aliue preserued is:
Then since thow wa'st the dore, for grace this to relate,
So art thow heauens gate, and wel accordeth this,
That as God vnto men, did thee his entrance make,
Men entrance vnto God, againe by thee may take.

Scala

Scala Cæli.

HOw may our heauy load, enclyning to descend,
Ascend vp in the ayre, beyond the egles slight,
Except by such a guyde, as wil assistance lend,
And can from step to step, direct the passage right:
Or rather her owne self, vs better to defend,
The ladder wil become, that scaleth heauens height,
By whose degrees of grace, to blis we may attaine,
And in our mounting vp, not to fall downe againe.

Electa vt Sol.

BRaue ornament of heau'n, and comforter of kynde,
Of whome the shyning Sun, doth but the shadow seeme,
Which as it is elect, and hath his place assygn'd,
Aboue the planets all in earthly eyes esteeme,
Aboue all sainctes to thee, is woorthely resygn'd,
The seat in supreame blis, that best doth thee beseeme,
Where thy faire beauteous face, no foggy cloudes can hyde,
But chosen there by grace, in beauty do'st abyde.

Pulchra vt Luna.

WHen *Phebus* fyrie steedes, in compassing the ground,
Leaue night behynde their backs, til they againe returne,
Then that there should some light, in darcknes yet be found,
Faire *Phebe* staies behynde, supplying *Phebus* turne:
Where shee through borrowed light, in beauty doth abound,
And cheers therewith the earth, that might in darcknes mourne,
So thy faire influence, faire Cynthia vs extend,
Which thy most bounteous sonne, doth thee most freely lend.

Stella

Stella Maris.

BRight shyning star by sea, in lands abandon'd sight,
At once apparent seene, on either syde the sphear,
The goodly guyd of all, and guyding all aright,
That in this raging sea, ensue thy brightnes cleer:
And bending not there cours to such illuding light,
As may mistead to wrack, ear danger do apeer,
For thy direction leades, vnto the porte of rest,
Those guyded by thy self, whose guydance is the best.

Ciuitas Dei.

FAire Citie stately buylt, by singular deuyce,
Of that great Architecte who is of greatest arte,
With all those goodly stones that are esteem'd of pryce,
Which to this faitest woork, their fairnesse do conuert:
And through far aquaducts, from springes of paradise,
The waters thether led, which do refresh the hart,
And to octroy this towne, with all-surpassing fame,
The buylder here himself, a Citizen became.

Turris Dauid.

HIgh Tower of stately porte, and far to be descry'd,
And far from thence againe, the world about to view,
It self the centinel, that therein doth abyde,
To giue aduyce of foes, or danger to ensue:
Wel furnisht for defence, for e'uty tyme and tyde,
For there a thowsand sheilds are hanging on a rew,
Not weapons of offence, but for defence to bee,
Of all such innocents, as from oppression flee.

Nauis Inſitoria.

IF certitude of gaine, may ſtir the ſearching mynde,
To venter in the ſhip, from whence misfortunes flee,
That gouerneth the ryde, and doth comaund the wynde,
And ſpeedely returnes, with goodes that pretious bee,
The barck of bliſs is ſhee, and fortunate by kynde,
With grace ſhee fraighted is, and is of cuſtome free,
Taking but for her hyre, and her inritching trade,
Loue of deuoted myndes, that rich by her are made.

Puteus Aquarum.

CLeere wel that ouerflowes, with water freſh and fyne,
More pure then vnicorne, could water euer make,
Made by the hand of him, that water turn'd to wyne,
Who giuing it the force, dry ſorrow to aſſake,
Made that it neuer ſhould, to any drought enclyne,
But that at all aſſaies, men might refreſhing take,
And cure their healthes decay, in deadly agonies,
Since from the flud of lyf, the iſſue doth ariſe.

Quaſi plantatio Roſæ in Iericho.

EV'n as the fragrant Roſe, on prickling ſtalk doth grow,
In fairneſſe and ſweet ſmel, and vertue to bee ſeene,
And woorthyeſt to be worne, and wel beſeeming ſo,
In place of diademe, in garland of a Queene,
So thow which heau'n did once, on bryry earth beſtow,
In fairnes, ſmel, and force, and burgeous euer greene,
Shew'ſt that this goodly flower, may thy reſemblance bee,
Saue in his vading kynde, which cannot bee in thee.

Lilium Connalium.

THe litle lilly flower, that groweth in the dale,
Leaues not in low degree, ſweet fairnes for to ſhew,
Which Salomon himſelf, could neuer counteruaile,
With all his gorgeous coſt, he lyked to beſtow;
So thow ſweet ſmelling flower, whome ſorrowes did aſſaile
And worldes eſteeme debaſe, to fortune that was low,
Did'ſt nor therefore reſtraine, the ſplendure of thy face,
Nor now from heauen to earth, the greatnes of thy grace.

Flos Campi.

THe faire flower of the feild, the dayes-eye doth apere,
When thence al flowers beſyde, retyre and vade away,
For to this only flower, doth each month of the yeare,
For comely beauties cauſe, become the month of may,
But that dayes-eye in deed, which doth all ſeaſons cheere,
And keepes her beauty ſtil, which no tyme can decay,
The dayes-eye is of day, where night may neuer bee,
And thow celeſtial flower thy ſelf art only ſhee.

Lilium inter Spinas.

AMiddes a gard of thorne, this goodly lilly grew,
Defended from the foe, that would it faine deface,
Who neere it to aproche, the entrance neuer knew,
With poiſon to infect, where filth had neuer place,
Yet ſuch might bee the hate, that heeron did enſue,
That hee reſerv'd reuenge, vnto ſucceeding ſpace,
What tyme a crowne of thorne, the ſonnes head did ſuſtaine,
To make the mothers hart, be pricked with the payne.

Quæ

Quasi Cedrus.

LYke as the *Cedar* doth, her nuts *Libanus* hil,
Pay with begotten fame, of her deere nowrishing,
In that so talle a tree, as all trees doth excel,
Moste stately there doth stand, in verdure flourishing:
And doth through sauor sweet, serpents away expel,
So that high tree of blis, that from the earth did spring,
Vnto the earth againe, her sweetnesse doth extend,
Il thinges to driue away, that may the good offend.

Quasi Palma.

THrough burden of thy grief, long did'st thow liue depreſt,
Part-bearer of the wo, thy deere sonne did sustaine,
But as it was a grief, to see him so destreſt,
Loue made it seeme some ioy to help to beare his payne:
Yet grief had neuer force, so far thee to molest,
That thow did'st vertue want, thy courage to maintaine,
No more then is the palme, depreſt by heauy waight,
Who doth thereby the more, endeuour to bee straight.

Quasi Cypreſſus.

LYke to the Cypres tree, on holy *Sion* hil,
That faire and vncorrupt, in vigour doth endure,
And with sweet smelling breath, her neere aprocher fil,
And doth for Temples yeild, her timber euer pure,
So on that sacred mount, thow arte remaining stil,
And in that Temple wrought, whence grace men must procure,
And where aproching soules, do thy sweet sent receaue,
And where no suter thow, do'st vnrelieued leaue.

Quaſi Oliua.

WHen earths foule face of ſin, might not the heauen ſee,
The waters all did hyde, that vnto earth pertayn'd,
Except the *Arck* wherein, few were reſerued free,
There to expect the tyme, that mercie might be gayn'd,
From whence the hopeful *Noe*, a pigeon did let flee,
Who by an Oliue branch, brought newes that hope remayn'd,
So thow the Oliue tree, whereout our ioy did ſpring,
Becam'ſt the ſigne of ioy, and ioy it ſelf did'ſt bring.

Quaſi Platanus.

LYke as the goodly plane, doth beautify the feild,
And far her root extend, more ſtedfaſt for to ſtay,
To make her farſpred boughes refreſhful ſhadow yeild,
For trauelers repoſe, in hoteſt tyme of day,
So thow exalted art, of heauen to be beheld,
Where in aſſured ſtate, thy boughes thow do'ſt diſplay,
To the refreſhful ſhade, of trauelers deſyre,
That pas in dangers dread, of ſoule afflicting fyre.

Hortus Concluſus.

MOſte pleaſant garden plot, true *Paradiſe* of praiſe,
Erected in the roome, of *Paradiſe* of iore,
But yet that garden far, exceeding ſundry wayes,
As perfect ſecond woorkes, exceed things wrought before:
All cloſely wall'd about, inuiolate it ſtayes,
No ſerpent can get in, nor ſhal for euermore,
All goodly flowers and fruits, here in perfection grow,
Vertue on ſtockes of grace, hath them engraffed ſo.

Fons ſignatus.

PVre fountaine ſurely ſeald, from each infectious thing,
Whoſe water doth exceed, the taſte of *Nectar* ſweet,
And in two milk-whyte ſtreames, did iſſue out and ſpring,
And for one only taſte, allowed to bee meet,
Who by diuineful power, did to it vertue bring,
That turn'd it to a red, whoſe colour could not fleet,
And taken from thy breſt, did yeild it from his ſyde,
To ſalue the ſinnes of men, when on the croſſe hee dy'd.

Speculum ſine Macula.

CLeere chriſtal earſt conceild, in rock of heauens height,
Was fram'd into a glas, to mirrour vertues face,
Whence lookers on receaue, conſeruatiue of ſight,
And can no ſpot eſpy, to make it beare diſgrace:
But ſerueth as a booke, and moueth much delight,
By pureneſſe therein ſeen, impureneſſe to deface,
And ſacred was the ſkil, that pullisht it ſo cleere,
That through it vnto men, ſaluation did appeere.

L'ennoy.

LEt not offence miſtake diſpraiſing this my praiſe,
As to diſpraiſe theſame, in deeming it too much,
Whoſe woorth demaundeth more, of duty many wayes.
And doth deſerue diſpraiſe, in that it is not ſutch,
But ſince deuotion hath, afforded theſe aſſayes,
Let not vncauſ'd offence, all cauſeleſſe ſeeme to grutch,
For heau'n did by beheſt, moſt bleſſed her ordayne,
And thee ordayn'd her praiſe, ſucceſſyue to remaine.

FINIS.

OVR BLESSED LADIES LVLLABY.

VPon my lap my soueraigne sits,
And sucks vpon my breast,
Meane whyle his loue sustaines my lyf,
And giues my body rest.
Sing lullaby my litle boy,
Sing lullaby my liues ioy.

VVhen thow ha'st taken thy repast,
Repose (my Babe) on mee,
So may thy moother and thy nurs
Thy cradle also bee.
Sing lullaby my litle boy,
Sing lullaby my liues ioy.

I griene that duty doth not woork
All what my wishing would,
Because I would not bee to thee
But in the best I should,
Sing lullaby my litle boy,
Sing lullaby my liues ioy.

Yet as I am and as I may
I must and will be thyne,
Though all to litle for thy self,
Voutlasting to be myne,
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

My wish

My wits my woords, my deeds, my thoughts,
And els what is in mee,
I rather wil not wish to vse,
If not in seruing thee.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

My babe, my blis, my chyld, my choyce,
My frute my flower, and bud,
My Iesus, and my only ioy,
The somme of all my good.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

My sweetnesse and the sweetest moste,
That heauen could earth deliuer,
Soule of my loue, spirit of my lyf,
Abyde with mee for euer.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Liue stil with mee, and bee my loue,
And death wil mee refraine.
Vnlesse thow let mee dy with thee,
To liue with the againe.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Leaue now to waile thow luckless wight,
That wrought'st thy races woe,
Redresse it found, and foiled is,
Thy frute-aluring foe.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

OVR BLESSED LADIES LVLLABY.

Vpon my lap my soueraigne sits,
And sucks vpon my brest,
Meanewhyle his loue sustaines my lyf,

UNEVENLY PRINTED.

Because I would not [illegible]
But in the best I should,
Sing lullaby my litle boy,
Sing lullaby my liues ioy.

Yet as I am and as I may
I must and wilbe thyne,
Though all to litle for thy self,
Vouchsafing to be myne,
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

My wits

My wits my woords, my deeds, my thoughts,
And els what is in mee,
I rather wil not wish to vse,
If not in seruing thee.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

My babe, my blis, my chyld, my choyce,
My frute my flower, and bud,
My Iesus, and my only ioy,
The somme of all my good.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

[redacted]weetnesse and the sweetest moste,
[redacted]uen could earth deliuer,
[redacted] my loue, spirit of my lyf,
[redacted]th mee for euer.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

[redacted]e stil with mee, and bee my loue,
[redacted]nd death wil mee refraine,
Vnlesse thow let mee dy with thee,
To liue with the againe.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Leaue now to waile thow luckleſſe wight,
That wrought'st thy races woe,
Redreſſe is found, and foiled is,
Thy frute-aluring foe.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Thy frute of death from Paradiſe
Made thee exyled mourne,
My frute of lyf to Paradiſe
Makes ioyful thy returne.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Grow vp good frute, bee now riſht by
Theſe fountaines two of mee,
That only flow with maidens milk,
The only meat for thee.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lulaby, &c.

The earth is now a heau'n become,
And this baſe bower of myne
A princely pallas vnto mee,
My Sonne doth make to ſhyne,
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

His ſight giues cleerenеſſe to my ſight,
VVhen waking I him ſee,
And ſleeping his myld countenance
Giues fauour vnto mee.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

VVhen I him in myne armes embrace
I feel my harte imbraced,
Eu'n by the inward grace of his,
VVhich hee in mee hath placed.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

And when I kis his louing lips
Then his sweet smelling breath
Doth yeild a sauor to my soule,
That feedes loue hope and faith.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

The shepheards left their keeping sheep,
For ioy to see my lambe,
How may I more reioyce to see,
My self to bee the dam.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Three Kinges their treasures hether brought,
Of incense myrh and gold,
The heauens treasure and the King
That here they might behold,
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

One sorte an Angel did direct,
A star did guyde the other,
And all the faireſt sonne to see
That euer had a mother.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

This sight I see, this chyld I haue,
This infant I embrace,
O endleſſe comfort of the earth,
And heau'ns eternal grace.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Thee ſanctitie her ſelf doth ſerue,
Thee goodneſſe doth attend,
Thee bleſſedneſſe doth wait vpon,
And vertues all comend,
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Great Kinges and Prophets wiſhed haue,
To ſee that I poſſeſſe,
Yet wiſh I neuer thee to ſee,
If not in thankfulneſſe.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Let heauen, and earth, & ſaintes, & men,
Aſſiſtance giue to mee,
That all their moſte occurring ayd
Augment my thankes to thee.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lulaby, &c.

And let th'enſuing bleſſed race
Thow wilt ſucceeding raiſe,
Ioyne all their prailes vnto myne,
To multiply thy praiſe.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

And take my ſeruice wel in woarth,
And Ioſephs heete with mee,
VVho of my huſband beares the name,
Thy ſeruant for to bee.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

A RE-

A REPREHENSION OF THE REPREHENDING of our ladies praise.

FY foule contempt of self-defyling breath,
That dar'st disgorge, gainst so great puritie,
The poisson issued from defect of faith,
To serue to witnes thy impietie.

VVhence can it come but from infernal hate
That earth-bred wretches are become so brag,
As Gods owne mothers glorie to abate,
To call and compt her but a saffron bag.

Or that a lil the subiect vnto sin
Dare equalize her self as good as shee,
In whome no thought impure hath euer bin,
Or least of pureneſſe-want might euer bee.

No Saint or Angel euer raught them this,
For heauen did her entytle ful of grace,
And her conception of the king of blis
Her high regard comends to eu'ry race.

Her self of her owne praise was propheteſſe,
And of the races that should it conserue,
Needes must they then her euer-praise profeſſe
That loue and law enuyteth to obserue.

The

The honor to a mother ſuch as ſhee
To ſuch a ſonne muſt argue greater loue,
VVhich may not vnto him offenſiue bee,
In whome kynde loue can it no leſſe approoue.

But hatred of her laud may neuer grow
Of zeale that loue vnto her ſonne may raiſe,
Nor can the chyld his loue on ſuch beſtow,
As kindle hatred at the mothers praiſe.

He which is mighty her hath magnifyde,
Let faithful then her euer magnify,
VVhyle the vnfaithful in conceit abyde,
Of doing wel her praiſes to deny.

And let performance of her woorthy praiſe,
Of her praiſe-yeilding race remaine the ſigne,
That ſo the blame that for it others raiſe,
Become the marck of their diſſenting lyne.

And let contempt of her with ſuch abyde,
As pay in hel the tribute of their pryde.

THE TRIVMPHE OF feminyne Saintes.

THe trump of fame ſoundes foorth the factes,
Of wel-deſeruing wights:
And kinges with honor do reward,
The ſeruice of their knights.
Of ſuch therefore I ceas to ſing,
My ſong of ſuch to frame:
VVhoſe meed reſtes in no princes power,
Nor praiſe in earthly fame.

And of the ſexe of womankynde,
Though not of thoſe of yore:
VVith ſeared breſts againſt their foes,
That warlyke armour wore.
But ſuch as armed were with faith,
Againſt ſoul-killing euil:
And did in combat ouercome,
The fleſh, the world, and deuil.

And for thy loue o Ieſu Chriſte,
And glorie of thy name:
That found no woes to bee endur'd,
But did endure theſame.
Their faith did bring them to endure,
Endurance blis did bring:
In blis they now do ſing to thee,
Now here of them I ſing.

Vnheard it was in earth before,
Vnsounded foorth by fame:
Vnknowne that ere in silly sexe
Such resolution came.
Til wil and vertue did conioyne,
In choise of chiefest good:
And grace gaue ayd, & faith gain'd force,
And nothing it withstood.

As *Teela* first example giues,
VVhome fyre could not annoy:
And beares and lions left vnhurt,
Each other to destroy.
Fierce rigour woorking rigours ruth,
No hurt the hurtlesse fynde:
Yet shee a martres is estem'd,
That martred was in mynde.

Euphemia throwne to sauage beastes,
By men of beastly mood:
Found beastes deuoyd of sauagenesse,
And men more thirsting blood.
And all the torments that shee had,
To her not seemed payne:
But when a swoord transpearst her corps,
True glory was her gayne.

The noble *Anastatia*,
Poore christians did relieue:
VVhose heathnish husband her therefore,
Vnkyndely did agrieue.
But when the swoord and cruel death,
Did her from thralle release:
The heau'ns her freedome did restore,
VVith endlesse ioy and peace.

Besydes

Beſydes this *Anaſtatia*,
A martres and a wyf:
Two virgins of lyke name and faith,
Loſt each lykewiſe their lyf.
The elder that moſt paynes endur'd,
Moſt is her glory ſpred:
That loſing firſt, paps, handes and feet,
Did laſtly loſe her head.

Mylde *Dorothey* endured much,
And dy'd by dint of ſwoord:
VVhoſe ſuffrance did her loue approue,
To her deere louing Lord.
Shee dead, to him * ſweet roſes ſent, * *Theophilus.*
That dying did her ſcorne:
VVhich moued him her to enſue,
That els had bene forlorne.

Eraſma in her faiths defence,
Did wade through many a wo:
Vntil the hedſman ended all,
In his death-bringing blow.
And with this virgin, virgins three,
Did gladly yeild to die:
So ſelling lyf at rate of death,
Vndying lyf to buy.

Seraphia her ſetled loue,
To Chriſte was ſo entyre:
That ſtrokes with cudgels ſhee ſuſtaind,
And burning flames of fyre.
And laſt of all, her lyf and all,
For his deere loue ſhee left:
And gaynd an euer-lyuing lyf,
In ſteed of that was reft.

Sabina

Sabina nobly did enſue,
Seraphia noble dame:
Yet nobler either in their actes,
Then only in there name.
Refuſing of vngodly gods,
The ſeruice to fulfil:
Shee rather yeilded to the ſwoord,
Then to the pagans wil.

As *Ambia* the woes beheld,
VVhich were by tyrants donne:
Vnto the conſtant Biſhop*,
Her ſo wel-beloued ſonne.
Shee ioy'd to haue ſo good a chyld,
For Chriſte to ſuffer ſmart:
But when with him ſhee ſtrangled was,
Then ioyed moſte her hart.

*Eleuthe-rius.

Affra in turning vnto Chriſte,
Turn'd from a lyf impure:
And for his loue the fyres fierce flame,
VVas willing to endure.
And to a ſtake when ſhee was ty'd,
Eu'n as the fyre was made:
I giue the thankes o God for this,
This glorious martres ſaid.

Sincere was *Simphoroſas* faith,
As did by deedes appeere:
In gayning vnto her belief,
Her ſpouſe and children deere.
And with her huſband to accord,
And ſonnes in number ſeauen:
To liue in Chriſte to dy for Chriſte,
To loue and liue in heauen.

Fides and *Spes* and *Charitas*,
Borne of *Sophia* sage:
Rype in their faith and fortitude,
Though greene in yeares of age:
VVere whipped, thrust in boyling pitche,
And hedded afterward:
VVhose woorth the world of right admyres,
And heauen doth reward.

VVhen blest *Blandina* had the rack,
And sundry tortures past:
Vnto a bul wrapt in a net,
Shee was with fury caste.
And when of this so feirce a beast,
No harme shee could receaue:
Then with the swoord, men woots then beastes
Did her of lyf bereaue.

Potamina a noble Dame,
VVas with her mother †brent:
VVhen fearing-threates nor furies force,
Might mone her to relent.
Shee beeing dead to him *appeerd,
That her did ayd in death:
VVhereby he turning vnto Christe,
VVas martred for his faith.

† *Marcella.*

* *Basilides.*

Thryce happy was *Felicitas*,
Thar happely did see:
Her sonnes her sayinges to ensue,
And of her faith to bee.
And for thesame by diuers deathes,
A deathles lyf renew:
VVhich by the swoord thee lastly gayned,
And so did them ensue.

The mayd *Martina* being led
Appolle to adore:
The Idol of it ſelf fel downe,
As ſhee it came before.
A Lion vnto her they put,
Her body they did wound:
And by the ſwoord her lyf ſhee loſt,
And lyf thereby ſhee found.

To offer to the Idol Gods,
Cecilia did refuſe:
And contumelies, paynes, and death,
Contented was to chuſe.
And in a ſkalding caldron caſt,
And thryce ſtrook with the ſwoord:
Attayning ſo vnto the ioyes,
The heauens do affoord.

Faire *Agatha* in beautie rare,
And welth did both abound:
But vertue which is more of woorth,
Might more in her be found.
Vnhurt on Irons hot ſhee ſtood,
Cut of were both her paps:
Her lyf ſhee left, and gayned blis,
So ending al miſhaps.

The loyal *Appollonia*,
VVithſtood the pagan lawes:
For which with violence her teeth,
VVere torne from out her iawes.
And when for her a burning fyre,
The helhoundes did prouyde,
Into theſame ſhee went her ſelf,
And conſtantly ſhee dy'd.

Ruffina and *Secunda* both,
Sisters and virgins were:
Both liuing in the loue of God,
And dying in his feare.
From sundry sorrowes which they felt,
The swoord did them release:
And lyf and ioy foorthwith began,
As wo and death did cease.

Basilia hauing fixt her loue,
VVhere loue is best beloued:
Tooke no regard of carnal loue,
By fond affection moued.
To Christe shee vowed chastitie,
And beeing fore'd to chuse
A heathens loue, or losse of lyf,
To liue shee did refuse.

Eugenia woorthy wel her name,
Not of *Dianaes* traine:
To offer therefore did refuse,
Vnto her Idol vaine.
Shee drowned not ty'd to a stone,
And in the *Tiber* cast:
But on a Christmas day to Christ,
By dint of swoord shee past.

Concordia with the heauens in peace,
And with the earth at stryf:
VVith blowes was beaten vnto death,
And ended so her lyf.
Vnited fast in faith and hope,
And Charities accord:
Shee died here in perfect peace,
And so liues with her lord.

Pure *Margaret* a prised pearle,
For Christe himself to buy:
In tender yeares imbrac'd his loue,
And for his law did die.
The diueliſh dragon burſt in twaine,
That ment her to deſtroy:
Her death and ſorrowes here but ſhort,
Brought lyf and laſting ioy.

Columba ſixteene yeares of age,
Reſolu'd a chaſte intent:
VVhoſe vow to Chriſte a looſe yongman,
To violate was ſent.
But him a ſauage beare had ſlaine,
Had ſhee not ſtayd the force:
A virgin martres ſo ſhee dyde,
And hee obtayn'd remorce.

Theodoſia martirs did ſalute,
As at the bar they ſtood:
And prayd them pray for her to him,
For whome they ſhed there blood.
For which the ireful iudge ordaynd,
To teare her breſts a way:
And to rent open both her ſydes,
And caſt her in the ſea.

Sweet *Catharin* belou'd of Chriſte,
To Chriſte was conſtant ſeene:
In leauing for his only loue,
To bee a crowned Queene.
Yet crownd ſhee was with martyrdome,
VVhen torments from her fled:
And Angels bore her ghoſte to blis,
VVhen ſhee had loſt her hed.

The

The true believing *Barbara*,
Fals Gods would not adore:
And loſt her fathers woorthleſſe loue,
For Chriſt his loue and lore:
Strange torments hee on her impoſ'd,
And in ſtraight priſon hild:
And laſtly her his only chyld,
VVith his owne handes he kild.

Yong *Agnes* aged thirteen yeares
In Chriſte repoſ'd her truſt:
And not for fauour nor for force,
VVould yeild to ought vniuſt.
No harme ſhee had, when in the fyre,
Shee throwne was by her foes:
And with a ſwoord thruſt through her neck,
VVere ended all her woes.

Chriſtina faire and noble mayd,
Did vnto Chriſte obey:
For which ſhee ty'd vnto a ſtone,
VVas caſte into the ſea.
But Angels ayded her to land,
VVhere ſhee more woes did taſte:
And as an arrow ſtrake her hart,
Her ſoule to heauen paſte.

VVhen *Fauſta* in her faithful mynde,
Reſolued did remaine:
The Idol prieſt wild with a ſaw,
To cut her corps in twain.
But when he ſaw it hurt her not,
Hee in her faith affied:
And comfort from the heauens receau'd,
VVith her when as he dyed.

Eudelia many did conuert,
Vnto her lordes belief:
VVhich in the Perſian pagans did
Enkindle irefull grief.
Vnto the Sun ſhee would not pray,
Nor yet the fyre adore:
And had the ſkin flead from her face,
And laſtly dy'd therefore.

Stout *Iuliana* did endure,
The torments of the euil:
And did in combat ouercome,
Th'accurſed cruel deuil.
And after all her conqueſts gaynd,
Then gayned ſhee renowne:
For by the ſwoord vnto her due,
Remaynd a martirs crowne.

Victoria wel might called bee,
That woorthy mynded mayd:
That in her ſelf ſubdued ſin,
VVith courage vndiſmayd.
And gayned virgins vnto Chriſt,
And actes of woonder wrought:
And did by martirdome attain,
The garland that ſhee ſought.

Becauſe the Idoles to adore,
Lucia did refuſe:
Shee threatned was ſhee ſhould bee thruſt,
Into the comon ſtewes.
No no quoth ſhee, the mynd beeing pure,
The body is vnſtaynd:
Then with the ſwoord ſhee martrid was,
And glorie ſo ſhee gaynd.

To

To *Fortunata* for her faith,
Much euil did betyd:
VVho fyrie flames & fierce beastes clawes,
VVas willing to abyde.
And tortures and lim-stretching rack,
From whence her fauiour pleased:
To cal her blessed soule to blis,
VVherewith her woes were eased.

Febronia with resolued force,
For chastitie and faith:
Endur'd with patience to the end,
The woorst of tyrants wrath.
The rack, the fyre, and rods, shee felt,
Teeths losse, and either brest,
And with the swoord all losse of wo,
And gaine of lasting rest.

Macra a mayd of heauenly mynde,
No earthly thinges did moue:
For prison, fyre, nor losse of brests,
Might not her faith remoue.
All naked o're hot-sheards of pots,
Her body rolled was:
VVhyle shee in praying vnto God,
To paradise did pas.

Zoa a glorious martyrs *wyf *Nicostratus.
Before the aulter prayd:
VVhere-vnder blest saint Peeters bones,
The faithful had conuayd.
And for this fact surprised then,
VVas hanged on a tree:
Both by her heare, and by her neck,
And so her crowne had shee.

Charitina with fyre annoyd,
And cast into the seas:
Came foorth and had no hurt at all,
Nor feeling of vnease.
Then were her handes and feet cut of,
But he whome shee did loue:
Eu'n as shee prayd, receau'd her ghoste,
Into his ioyes aboue.

Eulalia ardent in her zeal,
Vnto her louing lord:
To suffre torments many wayes,
Most mildly did accord.
And lastly in the burning fyre,
Lauding his holy name:
To him her soule shee sacryfyc'd,
And died in the flame.

The lyke in loue the lyke in zeal,
In some succeeding space:
A second good *Eulalia* was,
A lyke endu'd with grace.
The rack she felt, and sundry griefes,
The last, of lyf the losse.
VVhen foes of Christe, for faith of Christe,
Did naile her on a crosse.

VVhyle *Emerentiana* yet
was taught in Christian lore,
Her foster-sister *Agnes* tombe,
Shee prayd, and kneeld, before.
And taken at this martires tombe,
A martres shee was made:
And vnto happy heauens ioyes,
Her ghoste straight was conueyd.

Chaste

Chaſte *Theodora* to the ſtewes,
To be deflowred led:
Gat thence in habyt of a youth,
That ſtayd there in her ſted.
But for this fact & for his faith,
VVhen hee was led to death:
Shee came and yeilded vp her ſelf,
And with him yeilded breath.

Criſpina of renowmed race,
Did by her vertues mynde,
More honour in her ſelf atchiue,
Then came to her by kynde.
Shee would vnto the Idol Gods,
No ſacrifiſe affoord:
But yeided for her Lord and God,
Her neck vnto the ſwoord.

Suſanna of a woorthy ſtock,
VVas of as woorthy fame,
As ſhee that falſe defamed was,
And firſt did beare her name.
Shee Chriſte his ſeruants did relieue,
And liued in his lore:
And for the ſame ſhee loſt her head,
And gayned heauen therefore.

Impriſned *Leocadia* long,
Did for her faith remayne:
VVhoſe faithful mynde remained free,
In moſte afflicting payne.
Til God at length for her releaſe,
Her ghoſte tooke thence away:
Her ſuffrance by a martirs crowne,
In glory to repay.

The virgin *Bibiana* was,
Eſtabliſht in belief:
VVhich faithleſſe foes could not ſubuert,
By guerdon nor by grief.
So long her body laſhed was,
VVith knotted whips with lead:
That her ſweete ſoule to heauen paſt,
And left it lying dead.

Euphraſia with more maidens chaſte,
In place vnchaſte was placed:
But hee their puritie preſeru'd,
That purely him embraced.
Then by their death-contryuing-crue,
Stones to their neckes were bound,
And ſo into the water caſt,
The innocentes were drown'd.

Antonia had her tender limmes
Beyond all meaſure payned,
And three dayes hanged by one arme,
Moſte conſtant ſtil remayned.
And two yeares hauing priſned bene,
Receau'd at laſt her hyre,
VVhat tyme her ſoule her body left
Conſuming in the fyre.

Lucretia, not that *Lucres* once
VVhich did her ſelf deſtroy,
Did for true faith and faithful loue,
Beare wrongful griefes annoy.
The one in earth her glory left,
The other in heauen and earth:
Becauſe more woorthy was the cauſe,
VVhy ſhee endured death.

VVith

VVith tearing hookes and iron combes,
VVas *Tatiana* torne:
Cointha trayld along the ſtreetes,
Her fleſh from bones was worne.
Paula that gathred martyrs blood,
Her owne for Chriſt did ſhed:
Creſcentia for her faith to Chriſt,
VVas thruſt in boyling lead.

Corona torne betwene two trees,
Her crowne in blis did fynde:
As did *Cirilla* when ſhee left,
Her bleeding corps behynde.
Balbina daughter to a ſaint,
Her fathers ſteps did trace:
And *Aquilina* by her death,
Did deathleſſe lyf embrace.

Heleonis that great grief endur'd,
Did laſtly loſe her hed:
Calliopa her ſcorched corps,
Left with tormentors dead.
Felicula by tortur kild,
And *Paula* ſton'd to death:
And with the ſwoord *Conſtantia*,
Conſtantly yeilded breath.

Regina many paynes endur'd,
Heau'ns diademe to gayne:
Muſtiola did ſuffer wo,
For gayning ioyes againe.
Irene that good bookes did hyde,
Her lyf for Chriſte beſtowed:
Dominica that Idoles brake,
By death her feruour ſhewed.

Dafroſa

Dafrosa that to martirdome,
Her husband * hath ensued: *Fabianus.
And *Marciona* with whose blood,
The wyld beastes were imbrued.
Mannes that with her three sonnes,
And with her husband dy'd:
Valeria saint *Vitals* wyf,
Gainst death her courage tryd.

Pelagia in a brazen Ox
Red hot, aliue was thrust:
Anthusia throwne into a wel,
To please the tirants lust.
Maxima vnto cruel death,
VVith cudgels beaten was:
Agathoclia lost her toung,
Ere shee to blis did pas.

Blanda with her deer husband dyd,
VVhose heddes on stakes on hie:
Through pagan pollicy were set,
Christians to terrify.
VVith *Leonis* and *Libia*,
The faithful sisters twaine,
Eutropia twelue yeares old endur'd,
Death and moste deadly payne.

The vertuous virgin *Sophia*,
Cornelia loyal euer:
Albina and *Asteria*,
Did vnto death perseuer.
Prisca and *Leocritia*,
Martha and *Antonina*:
VVith *Leonilla* of that lore,
And setled *Secundina*.

Sebastiana

Sebastiana whome saint Paule,
Did bring to Christe his loue:
And *Reparata* (dead) whose ghoste,
Ascended lyke a doue.
Faire *Flora* and *Maria* both,
And *Flauia Domitilla*:
Good *Dula* and *Demetria*,
Gaudentia and *Lucilla*.

VVith *Alexandra* six beside,
For Christe their blood haue spent:
And *Ciriaca* and fyue more,
VVith bodies rac'd and rent.
VVith other martyresses twelue,
Theodosia went to heauen:
Eu'nas at *Smirna* for that cause,
Dy'd holy virgins seauen.

Six that were called *Candida*,
Gaue beauty to that name.
More fairer far then it self sound,
Doth signify the same.
Some maried were and some were maydes,
Their suffrance sundry wayes:
There cause all one, their only king,
Did all to glorie raise.

Seauen of the name of *Iulia*,
Did one of them ensue:
VVhereby eight martirs glorious crownes,
To this one name is due.
And of the name *Iustina* fyue,
As of *Pelagia* were?
Of *Martiana* there were three,
VVhose count *Valeras* beare.

Of this

Of this moſt glorious troop and ranck,
Of martrid woomen-kynde:
I ſhal not nede to recon more,
Thoughe many more I fynd,
For euen as theſe, rehearſed here,
There croſſe with Chriſt ſuſtayn'd:
So did the reſt, and all with Chriſt,
Al glory haue obtayn'd.

In ſundry regions of the earth,
Ful many more beſyde,
For faith, for vow, for zeal to Chriſte,
Ful glorioufly haue dyde.
Chaſte *VVinnefrid* did feele of death,
The bloody ſtroke and ſting:
As *Dympna* of her father did,
A pagan Iriſh King.

VVith ſoule and body vndefyld,
In endleſſe lyf to raigne:
Good *Vrſula*, and all her troop,
Endured to be ſlaine.
And *Cordula* that hid her ſelf,
Her lyf thereby to ſaue:
Came foorth and yeilded vnto death,
Her lyf thereby to haue.

To bring the number in accompt,
Vnable is my ſkil:
Of all ſuch glorious martirs names,
And their endured il.
But in the Lambe his booke of lyf,
No one omitted is:
Nor no one wo that they ſuſtaynd,
Vnrecompenſt in blis.

No mor

No more then their tormenters mille,
Their iuſt reward in hel:
For each inflicted grief and ſmart,
VVherewith they them did quel.
Exyl'd thoſe wretches are from heauen,
And odious dead in earth:
Yet in helles horror neuer dy,
Though euer feeling death.

Meane whyle, the choſen ſaintes of God,
In heauen euer liue:
And euer glorie vnto him,
In all reioyſing giue,
Al clad in whyte for puritie,
Each with a golden crowne:
And bearing palmes of victory,
As enſeignes of renowne.

No eye hath ſeene, no eare hath heard,
No hart of man conceaued:
No ſight, no ſound, no thought of joy,
As now they haue receaued.
All griefes are now extinguiſhed,
All ſorrowes haue an end:
No teares can fall from weeping eyes,
Nor ſighes from hart aſcend.

O glorious troop, whoſe praiſe the heau'ns,
VVith melodie reſound:
Accept that wee as eccoes here,
Yeild noiſe vnto the ſound.
And when for your true followed faith,
VVee any wo ſuſtaine:
Our conſtant ſuffrance of the ſame,
Voutſafe of God obtayne.

Deo gratias.

A RESEMBLANCE OF MARTYRS.

BEfore the craggy flint
Meetes with the hardned steel,
It seemes not to conteyne,
The vertue it conteynes,
But when it doth the stroke
Of swift encountring feel,
Eu'n then the force apeeres,
That hid in it remaines,
Right so resolued myndes,
Through wicked fortunes wheel,
Encountring with mis hap,
And feeling bitter paynes,
Make fyre of sacred loue,
From ardent zeal proceed:
VVhich mounting vp to heau'n,
Doth all the Starres exceed.

TE DEVM LAVDAMVS,

OR

The ſong of S. Ambroſe, & S. Auguſtyne.

TO thee O God wee praiſes giue,
VVee thee our Lord confeſſe
Eternal father, all the earth,
Adores thy woorthyneſſe.

The Angels, heau'ns, & heau'nly powers,
Yeild praiſes all to thee:
The Cherubinnes, and Seraphinnes,
Sound out inceſſantly.

O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
O God of Sabaoth,
Thy glorious maieſty repleates,
The earth and heauen both.

To thee the quyre ſo glorious,
Of thy Apoſtles all,
To thee the number woorthy-praiſe,
Of prophets cry and cal.

The army of thy martirs bright,
Thy praiſes do expreſſe:
Thy holy Church through-out the earth,
Doth thee o Lord confeſſe.

Father of endleſſe Maieſtie,
Thy only Sonne withal,
Together with the Holy Ghoſt,
Comforter of vs all.

Thow King of glorie arte O Chriſte,
And ere the earth begonne,
Thow of thy father did'ſt remaine,
His euer beeing Sonne.

Thy willingneſſe man to releas,
Made thee in earth to come:
And for that cauſe not to abhor,
Thy maiden-mothers woombe.

And when the ſting of cruel death,
By thee was vanquiſht quyght,
Thow opned'ſt then thee realme of blis,
To each believing wight.

In glorie of the father thow,
Do'ſt ſit at Gods right hand:
VVee hold thee for the iudge by whome,
Our cauſes muſt bee ſkand.

VVee humbly therefore thee deſyre,
Voutſafe thy ſeruants ayd:
Of whome with thy moſte pretious blood,
The ranſomes thow ha'ſt paid.

O make that wee rewarded bee,
VVith thy deer ſaintes in blis:
Eu'n with thy glory and thy grace,
VVhich euer during is.

Thy

Thy people and thyne heritage,
O Lord ſaue and defend:
And gouerne them, and ſtil their praiſe,
In altitude extend.

And from offending thee by ſin,
This day do thow vs ſaue:
And mercy haue on vs O Lord,
Lord on vs mercy haue.

And as our truſt in thee hath bene,
Such let thy mercy bee:
Confounded let mee not become,
That hoped haue in thee.

HOVV GOD IN ALL AGES hath bin ſerued with Sacrifiſe.

Sacrificium ſub lege Naturæ.

WHen God created man, and rule vnto him gaue,
Of creatures all on earth, and eu'ry earthly thing,
And knowlege of his God, did in his hart engraue,
Subiection ſo to know, vnto his ſouetaigne King:
Then for to know and yeild, what homage hee would haue,
Nature by her inſtinckt, vnto his mynde did bring,
And Sacrifiſe it was, and well accepted than,
Thus mannes adoring God, with ſacrifiſe began.

Sacrificium ſub lege Moyſes.

VVHen frō the hows of thralle, through ayd of heau'nly might
Gods people were led foorth, by Moyſis then their guyd,
For this new freedome found, it reſted that of right,
God with augmented thankes, muſt now bee gratifyde:
And him to honor more, in more then wonted plight,
Old Sacrifiſe was now, with new rytes beautifyde,
So for more good receau'd, more gratitude did riſe,
Which ſtill to God was don, in doing ſacrifiſe.

Sacrificium ſub lege Euangelica.

VVHen Gods dere Sonne from heau'n, did vnto earth deſcēd,
Loſt loue of God againe, for mannes releaſe to win,
Himſelf in ſacrifiſe, blood-ſacrifiſe did end,
When his high priſed blood, did ſatisfy for ſin:
But ſince Gods ſeruice muſt on ſacrifiſe depend,
He chang'd, not took away, what faith did firſt begin,
And did ordaine himſelf, in Sacramental wiſe
To bee to God for man, a ſouetaigne ſacrifiſe.

SAINT

SAINT PEETERS COMFORT.

EV'n there where ſin, my ſilly ſoule defyld,
Shame bad mee hy, and ſeeke to hyde my face,
Foule face of myne, that that faire face behild,
And could my ſo wel knowing it out face,
And make himſelf eu'n whome I did deny,
True witnes, vnto my fals periury.

I ſcarſly was gon foorth out of the halle,
VVhen ſorrow ſtraight my ſoule did apprehend,
Poore ſoule of myne, deſeruer of thy thralle,
VVhoſe fault no manner ſkuſes can defend,
Only vnfayned teares, told my deſtreſſe
And with my grief declar'd my guiltineſſe.

In ſorrowes iayle, thus captiue did I ly,
And there lament, and there my caſe complaine,
And there did pittie ouer-heare my cry,
And did in my behalf acceſſe obtaine,
To ſue to him whome I deny'd to know,
To let him know my grief for doing ſo.

VVho daigning then vpon my hart to look,
vpon my hart, the ſpectacle of wo,
Hee there-vpon ſo great compaſsion took,
That hee on it ſweet mercy did beſtow,
Sweet mercy, that it ſelf ſo far extends,
As to accept contrition for amends.

And that the world heerof might witnes bee,
His mercy renouated al his loue,
Th'effects whereof all men in mee might ſee,
But none more then my ſelf did euer prooue,
The good I had before, that ſtil I hild,
Only my guylt hee only harh annild.

For where my ſoule for mercy only ſought,
It mercy found, eu'n in the moſte degree,
And mercy loue with it vnited brought,
Deer loue, my dying ſoules reſtauratie,
Lyf of my lyf, which did mee now reſtore,
To lyuely ſtrength, which I did lack before.

The wound is heal'd, yet muſt the ſkár remaine,
The ſkar my ſtil remembrance of the ſore,
For which, kynde grief ſtil wil I entertaine,
That neuer may ſufficiently deplore,
Kynd-grief it is, cloſe in my hart it lies,
To vrge the euer-dutie of myne eyes.

For though my hart all comfort haue receaued,
That heauens comfort did on it beſtow,
Yet can it not of that grief be bereaued,
That doth eu'n out of that ſelf comfort grow,
For in admyring ſo great grace extended,
I grieue that I ſo ſweet a Chriſte offended.

My deereſt Lord, oh might I dy for thee,
That brag'd to dy with thee, and the deny'd,
By thy ſtrong ayd I muſt aſſiſted bee,
For neuer thought ſhal in my breſt abyde,
To ſay I wil, and not aſſiſtance craue,
Becauſe my wil, muſt thy wil alſo haue.

That

That ſhepe was I which did his way miſtake,
And he the ſhepheard that recalled mee,
Of mee his mercies-miracle to make,
By abling mee his deputy to bee,
For hee my ſelf a ſhepheard did ordain,
That not deſeru'd to bee a ſhepheards ſwain.

Thus not my cryme and puniſhment therefore,
His pardon only ſtretched to deface,
But he me raiſ'd to what I was before,
And did renew and ampliphy his grace,
And I that fel the loweſt of eleauen, (uen.
Stil hold my charge to keepe the keyes of hea-

The Rock of ſtone hee hath confirmed mee,
VVhereon the buylding ſtandes that cannot fail,
Gainſt which helles puiſſance and ſuperbitie,
May offer force, but neuer ſhal preuail,
Thus I that late through feeble fainthes fel,
Support the force, that breakes the force of hel.

Do'ſt thow mee loue, thryce did he aſk of mee,
In three demaundes of fayned doubtfulnes,
For what my loue to him was bound to bee,
And what it was, I needed not expreſſe,
VVel hee it wiſt, and would but let mee ſee,
By ſuch demaundes, how wel he loued mee.

And more then theſe; do'ſt thow mee loue quoth hee,
God wot more cauſe had I my Lord to loue,
Yet ſuch hee did allow my loue to bee,
As that it did a more reward behooue:
Giuing to mee the office for my meed,
At parting hence, his lambes and ſheep to feed.

Loue is my debt, for loue and mercy due,
And gratitude the intreſt thereon riſing.
The obligation ſtandes in heauens view,
And was ſet downe by equities deuiſing.
The date it beares is endleſſe to auail,
My ſoule the pawne to forfait yf I fail.

Performance of thy promis Lord I ſee,
Strengthned am I, my brethren ſtrength to giue,
My faith ſhal neuer fail thow warrant'ſt mee,
Then in my mouth truthe muſt for euer liue,
And though I dy; ſucceſsion wil ſupply,
Vndying truthe, vnto poſteritie.

And all the graces thow ha'ſt giu'n to mee,
To bynd and loſe the free and bond of ſin,
Muſt not in my liues-ending ended bee,
Though by thy gift they do in mee begin,
But in ſucceſsiue power remaine for euer,
To yeild the laſting graces of the giuer.

O endleſſe comfort ending thus my care,
Vn-ending thankes muſt therefore bee my parte,
VVhich for thy due, I duly wil prepare,
To offer on the Alter of my hart,
VVhereas the fyre of loue for euer lies,
To ſerue for my eternal ſacrifiſe.

SACRVM CONVIVIVM.

WHen tyme approched that the lamb of lyf
Muſt yeild himſelf among the wolues to dy,
VVho did repay his peace with mortal ſtryf,
And his meek patience with moſt crueltie,
Then in the ſpace that yet to him remaynd,
For his few freindes his fare-wel hee ordaynd.

It was the night before the diſmol day,
He cauſ'd prepare his laſt and fare-wel feaſt,
Deſyr'd before, deferred by delay,
Delayed wel, to tyme befitting beſt,
For woordes and deedes, at parting donne or ſaid
In memories conſeruance beſt are laid.

And as his wil, and cuſtome had decreed,
That at this feaſt a lamb muſt bee the meat,
So hee that was th'unſpotted lamb indeed,
Gaue them therein, his Image for to eat:
Retayning yet for their more greater good,
Far better meat then his ſelf-ſeeming food.

For that no ſooner was the Paſchal donne
And cuſtome and their bodies ſatisfy'd
But that eftſoones another feaſt begonne
And of a lamb, and that before he dy'd
Himſelf was hee, and hee himſelf did giue
Eaten to bee, the whyle himſelf did liue.

VVhich to ordayne, he bread and wyne did take,
And with his ſacred breath did bleſſe theſame,
And did thereof his blood and body make.
Through that ſelf might that all of nought did frame,
And could not now bee deſtitute of arte,
One thing into an other to conuert.

And as the lamb their bodies had ſuffyſ'd,
The true Lambes body turned into bread,
VVas now the ſupper for their ſoules deuyſ'd,
True bread of lyf alyue and ſeeming dead,
Fleſh of his fleſh, bread his true body made,
VVhen as eternal truth the woord had ſaid.

Take eat this is my body, were the woordes,
VVhich vnrepugnant hartes did ſo receaue,
For humble faith gainſaying not affoordes,
And wel they wiſt hee would them not deceaue,
And in his wiſdome he right wel foreknew.
VVhat faith their would, & ſhould heeron enſue.

For from that inſtant, in ſucceeding ſpace,
In en'ury region that is far or ny
VVhere Chriſtian lore did paganiſme diſplace,
As all fore-going tymes do teſtify,
Thus was the faith, this is the faith of old,
Held by the whole, now by the parte controld.

Chriſt ſaid not, eat this in my memorie,
But that his body take and eat they ſhould,
Nor ſaid hee that it did him ſignify,
But was himſelf that for them giue hee would,
His truth and iuſtice could not beare the ſtaine,
One thing to ſay, and it vnſay againe.

And for he would that thoſe whoſe ſoules hee fed,
By his example ſo ſhould others feed,
Leaſt but themſelues none might bee nowriſhed,
His plenteous goodneſſe hereupon decreed,
That they *in memorie* of him lyke-wiſe,
Should with lyke food, lyke faithful ſoules ſuffyſe

Hence is deſcended that ſucceſſyue power,
Of celebrating this ſoule-feeding feaſt,
And that remaining reuerence to this howre,
As elder tymes deuotion hath expreſt,
And hence it comes, that to our laſting ioy,
This heauenly meat our ſoules on earth enioy.

And as by kynde, loues-grief encreaſeth loue,
So loue that cauſ'd, that God with men did liue,
Cauſ'd that for loue hee did great ſorrow proone,
VVhoſe ſorrow to his loue more force did giue.
And ſo leſſe wonder his great loue did moue,
To leaue himſelf the caution of his loue.

Thus comes it that the ſeeming bread wee ſee,
Is that ſame corps our ſauiour Chriſt had heere,
Yet not in that ſelf manner is it hee,
But as in couert veil ſo doth apeere,
His body true, in Sacramental wiſe,
Beheld by faith more then by earthly eyes.

And as hee had his body at his wil,
VVhen dores and walles gainſt it could not reſiſt,
But did it vſe, and yet no place did fil,
And wrought therewith ſuch woonders as him liſt,
So ſtil remaines, his wil, his woord, and might,
In heau'n and earth, in his allpower-ful plight.

His bo dy

His body doth his ſoule import withall,
A body by effect of ſacred ſawes,
A ſoule by ſequele which is natural,
Conioynd in one, by his efficient cauſe,
Touch-ſtone of fath whereby God would vs teach
His heau'nly woorkes exceed our earthly reatch.

And when our ſoules preſume vnto this feaſt,
In cleane atyre they muſt themſelues preſent,
(Leaſt els they fare as the vnwelcome geſt,
That il atyred to the wedding went)
That ſo this bread of lyf ſuch vertue giue,
That eating it, with it wee euer liue.

And that eſteeme and condigne reuerence,
That graue Antiquitie of duty gaue,
Vnto a thing of ſo great excellence,
Let it in all enſuyng ſeaſons haue,
And liue that faith, whereof Chriſt gaue the groûd,
As long as faith may on the earth bee found.

A COMPLAINT OF S. MARIE Magdalen. At her not fynding Christ in his sepulchre.

ALas my Lord is gon,
How must I now deplore,
VVhere may hee bee that is each where,
And I him see no more.

Hope led mee here to seeke
Recure of my destresse,
But sorrow here hath sought mee out,
And found mee comfortlesse.

Here lyf late seemed dead,
Here dead I seeme aliue,
It is my death him thus to misse,
That may my lyf reuyue.

Yee windowes on my face,
That serue mee not to see,
Serue now of water stild of wo,
The conducts for to bee.

In stede him to annoint,
VVhome here I cannot haue,
Make that the plenty of my teares,
May ouerflow his graue.

Perhaps

Perhaps it may him moue,
His preſence to imparte,
To ſee how moiſtning theſe dry ſtones,
I therewith dry my harte.

Good Gardner that arte here,
To kepe this garden place,
Lo how I water al thy plants,
VVith raine falne from my face.

Be grateful for this good,
And tel mee I thee pray,
VVhere is hee laid yf ſo thy ſelf,
Haſte caried him away.

If it haue troobled thee.
Here to affoord him roome,
O let me know but where hee is,
My harte ſhalbe his toombe.

And thow thereon maiſt wryte,
This epitaph in verſe,
Heer lyf that lately lay for dead.
Liues and reuyues his hearſe.

OF THE INVENTION, OR fynding of the Croſſe of Chriſt.

IN Britaine ſoile faire *Helena* was bred,
The woorthy Empreſſe of the world of yore,
The cauſe that *Yorck*, *Romes* glory more did ſpred,
Then *Rome* it ſelf could euer ſpred before,
There was ſhee borne, and there ſhee brought him forth,
That brought Roomes diademe to greateſt woorth.

To greateſt woorth for that hee it adorned,
Eu'n with the Croſſe in midle top of all,
Raiſing to honor that which pagans ſcorned,
And honouring therein him ſelf withall,
VVhoſe tytle now, Great *Conſtantyne* became,
Firſt Romaine Emperor of Chriſtian name.

Good *Siluiſter* that ſat in Peeters chaire,
Succeeding thoſe that all had ſuffred death,
Now to ſaluation did the ſoule prepare,
Of *Conſtantyne* by teaching him the faith,
VVhereby himſelf an endleſſe lyf might haue,
VVhoſe now conuerſion many lyues did ſaue.

For when his mercy, mercy him had gayned,
And hee in ſacred font had bathed bin,
His ſoule and bodies weal hee both obtayned,
In beeing cur'd of leproſy and ſin,
Then that the more hee might Chriſtes glory reare
He on his creaſt his cogniſance did weare,

It was

It was the signe that heau'n to him did shew,
For patron of the ensigne he should beare,
VVhen gainst *Maxentius* hee in armes did go,
And vnto his encouragement did heare,
An Angels voice, that in the ayre did cry,
Thou in this signe shalt haue the victory.

All which did so this noble moother moue
To due esteeme of such a sacred signe,
As this of him, that so much merits loue,
To whome her hearts deere loue shee did resigne,
That ardent zeale, did animate her mynde,
To seeke where shee his hidde crosse might synde.

Led by desyre that kindled was of loue,
She tooke her voyage to the holy land,
Faith was her guyde, hope did her wil approue,
Speed did assist, to what shee tooke in hand.
Desyre, and loue, and faith, and hope, & speed,
Did all concur, to her deseruing meede.

And as her feet did trauaile on the ground,
Her inward mynde did vp to heauen stie,
VVhere the right holy land was to be found,
Of him whose presence this did sanctify,
So what in earth her bodyes trauaile sought,
In heauen her mynde in more perfection wrought.

And there high God beholding her intent,
And knowing wel whereto deuotion tends,
And that it all vnto himself is ment,
That vnto ought approching him intends,
Did eu'n accept her ardent feruour sutch,
As earst her faith that did his vesture tutch.

And so

And ſo concurr'd to what ſhee went about,
That his hid croſſe ſo hidden might not bee,
But ſhee at laſt it happely found out,
Though doubtful which the right one was of three,
Vntil a corps laid on it; dyd renyue,
Shewing withal; her faith to bee alyue.

It was the third day of the month of May.
The worldes faire may-pole thus was found againe,
And now rear'd vp that long obſcured lay,
As yf reſeru'd for her owne honors gayne,
whome faith, and loue, & hope, & zeale, did raiſe,
To raiſe therein her glorious fame and praiſe.

L'ENVOY.

SOmtyme the Croſſe as ſundry recordes tel,
Deryuing vertue from our Sauiours death,
Hath had the force, the diuel to expel,
And by the ſame confirmed Chriſtian faith,
But now it ſeemes, faith hath ſuſtayned loſſe,
Becauſe the diuel hath chaſte away the croſſe.

COMPLAINT OF CHVRCH CONTROVERSY.

THe golden world long ſince is worne away,
As now the golden yeare hath taken end,
The Iron world doth ſtil remaine and ſtay,
And in his ruſt doth to his ruyne tend,
And in the ſhew of vertue and of truthe,
Seeme-good ſeeme-goſpel turneth all to ruthe.

At *Babel* tower where tounges confuſion came,
It ſtayd the woork that fond aduice begun,
But fond aduice now ſeeketh to diſframe,
A tabernacle ſeated in the Sun,
And tounges confuſion Church-war hath procured
Lately begun and yet to long endured.

True yet it is that ſtryfe hath euer been,
Twixt good and il in deadly feud depending,
But neuer ſuch confuſion hath bin ſeen,
Nor diffrent numbers in ſo great contending,
As in our dayes when each one truth doth claime,
And of vntruth each doth each other blame.

VVhyle *Truth* her ſelf the heau'ns begotten chyld
And glorious imp of high Antiquitie,
Lies ouertrod and vnder foot defyld,
By each and all that woork her inury,
All diſagreeing in their owne truth claming,
Yet all agreeing in truthes falſe defaming.

God

God first good corne did cast into the ground,
But soon the diuel threw in cockle there,
God first his Church on earth did firmly found,
VVhere straight the diuel did his chappel reare,
God vnto *Truth* the formoste place assygnd,
And falshood with the diuel came behynd.

VVhen God in *Adam* had his Temple buylt,
The serpents synagog began in *Eue*,
Good *Abels* blood his wicked brother spilt,
At his Gods-woorship diuel-taught to grieue,
So soon began illes enuy vnto good,
Two only borne, one sheddes the others blood.

Through *Moyses* God did giue his Churche a law,
And *Chores* crew against it did rebel,
Hating to liue in order and in aw,
VVith their misleader went aliue to hel,
They claymed truth, reiecting right of his,
And seru'd the diu'l in seruing God amisse.

Saint *Peeter* did ensue his masterslore,
VVhich *Simon Magus*, stoutly did withstand,
And that great pastor greatly hate therefore,
But first-borne truth obtayn'd the vpper hand,
And that fals Prophet mounting vp in pryde,
Fel downe out of the ayre to earth and dyde.

In auncient pathes trod by our elders feet,
The way is found which is to rest assygnd,
But self-sought by wayes for self-choosers meet,
They euer seek that seeking neuer fynd, (seeme,
Blynde guydes they bee, guyders of blynde they
And with them fal ere they of danger deeme.

To mend amisse was euer woork wel donne,
In faultes and manners of Church-mennes abusion,
But by no prophet euer was begonne,
Reforming of abuses by confusion, (nes defect.
Nor for some faultes growne through Church-mé-
No good man euer did new Church erect.

Il thrift may to that builder wel befall,
That wil a faire-built edifice deface,
And with the rubbish of the broken wall,
Erect some cottage in an obscure place,
And to adorne it with vsurped fame,
Giues it the tytle of the others name.

Must now an vpstart *Martin* or a *Iohn*,
In question call the firme fidelitie,
Of her whose pallas on a rock of stone,
Presents the picture of her chastitie?
VVho was of heau'n, and earth long heild in grace,
Ere ought was heard of this new-risen race.

VVhy hath not els each man lyke priuelege,
To chop to change, to sound what faith hee list,
And wrested scripture for his proofs aleage,
And gainst a world in self conceit persist,
And say all say amisse, except as hee,
And all his woordes Gods woord & Ghospel bee.

If free it bee for one its free for all,
For all can claime the lyke instinct of spirit,
But shrewd suspition doth apeere withall,
That of fals prophets all the name do merit,
Their fruit is il, themselues were neuer sent,
They come to late, to soone to such intent.

Susanna

Suſanna lyke, they Chriſt his Spouſe accuſe,
And wil both iudges and accuſers bee.
But lyke as *Daniel* falſhood did confuſe,
By vntruth found in contrarietie,
So contradictions in theſe fals accuſers,
Shewes them to bee, the world and her abuſers.

And as the ſpryte of God did *Daniel* moue,
The innocent accuſed to defend,
The ſpirit of God his deere ſpowſe ſo doth loue,
That to her fals accuſers in thee end,
In ſteed of caſten ſtones their blood to ſpil,
They gainſt the rock themſelues ſhal caſt and kil.

AN EPIGRAM.

A Puritaine did plaine himſelf of late,
Of late growne controuerſies into great debate,
And prayed him to whome hee did complaine
That hee his cenſure would affoord him plaine,
VVel then quoth hee yf neither I ſhal flatter
But ſpeake my conſcience freely of the matter,
You are in fault, to make ſomuch contending,
How can ſo new a faith, ſo ſoone lack mending.

AN EXPOSITION OF the Aue bel.

THe Chaſer of my ſence-detayning ſlumber,
vndid the windowes of my cloſed eyes,
And freed my thoughtes from ſleepes confuſed cumber,
That humours turned vnto fantaſies,
And faire *Aurora* redy at the tyde,
VVithdrew the ayes darck curtin all aſyde.

In waking ſylence as a whyle I lay,
Ere my freſh muſe new exerciſe had found,
I heard the bel that ſoundeth thryce a day,
And tooke the ſence leauing myne eare the ſound,
For ſoundes and ſights are meſſengers aſſygn'd,
To bring loſt memory vnto the mynde.

And that ſame meſſage which the Angel brought,
To her chaſte eares that could no noyſe receaue,
That might ſuggeſt conceit of any thought,
Her mynde of any puritie to reaue,
VVas by this noyſe vnto my mynde renewed,
VVhereby light idle fancies were eſchued.

Eſtſoones thereon to my remembrance came,
Breach of the Law, the firſt law-maker made,
Firſt acte of ſin, firſt cauſe of knowing ſhame,
Firſt op'ned gap, for death man to inuade,
Loſſe of heau'ns loue, purchaſe of earths il wil,
Fynding of ſorrow, hid in ſeeking ſkil.

Alas

Alas O wretched man that made th'offence,
Iuſtice of thee demaunded the amendes,
And for thy want of yeilding recompence,
Thy vnacquyted gilt ſtil downe deſcendes,
As doth ſome inward rooted malady,
By heritage vnto a family.

Thus ſtood from age to age and race to race,
The ſcore of ſin vnpayd vnraced out,
The world had not the woorth to purchaſe grace,
Hope ſighing ſat betwene diſpaire and doubt,
And thraldome was the woful miſery,
Of helpleſſe mannes ſucceſſyue malady.

So long til heau'ns great care conceaued grief,
At mannes vnableneſſe himſelf to free,
And loue no longer could with-hold relief,
And ſweet relief that may thryce happy bee,
Came eu'n at laſt when els loſt had bene all,
And all did ſaue, and all vp-hold from fall.

Loue firſt bred grief and grief did pittie moue,
And pittie ſought the way to woork redreſſe,
And kynde redreſſe the true effect of loue,
Did ſalue the ſore that ſeem'd remedileſſe,
Iuſtice for right, mercie for grace did craue,
Iuſtice had right, mercie her fauour gaue.

VVhich to accompliſh that eternal woord,
VVhich was with God and was himſelf a God,
His heauenly preſence would the earth affoord,
And in a virgins cloſure make abode,
VVhereof an Angels voyce the meſſage brought,
As metalls noyſe renew'd it to my thought.

To her it came whome heauens wyde view did ſee,
For pureneſſe all the worlds moſt woorthy creature,
A choſen manſion for the dietie,
Adornd with vertues fitting to her feature,
VVhome nature made, to ſhew the heauēs her ſkil
And heauē through her the earth with grace did fil.

And where a ſerpent with his poyſned ſting,
In paradiſe infected Adams wyf
A pure whyte doue from paradiſe doth bring,
To Ioſephes ſpouſe reſtauratiue of lyf,
And in a virgins bed the ſeed doth ſow,
VVhereof the tree and frute of lyf doth grow.

Her eares conceaued firſt the Angels voyce,
Her heart conceau'd the heauens high decree,
Her ſoule iuſt cauſe conceaued to reioyce,
And her pure wombe as pure as pure might bee,
Conceau'd withal; and that ſtrong infant bred,
VVho with his foot did break the ſerpents hed.

Againſt the tyme, his birth-tyme to adorne,
Came downe on earth to conſecrate the ground,
(VVith *Alcion* reſt) *Peace* that in heauen was borne,
Becauſe there might no noyſe of war be found,
VVhen to the world the Prince ſhould ſhew his face.
That came to all the world to offer grace.

VVhoſe entrance when it pleaſed him to take,
Into that country whereof death is King,
His owne ſelf vertue mydwyf hee did make,
And to annex more wonder to the thing,
From his pure mothers cloſure hee did paſs,
Euen as the Sun makes entrance through the glas,

O ſacred

O ſacred force enforcing ſuch a berth,
The wonder of the wonders moſte of woorth,
The breath of heauen clad in cote of earth,
Through an vnopened paſſage paſsing foorth,
A humaine body ſpryte-lyke doth diſpoſe,
His pow'rful ſelf that may no puiſſance loſe.

And that ſweet Infant of eternitie,
Is borne the infant of a virgins woombe,
And God is man and ſo affinitie,
Doth twixt the earth and twixt the heauen come,
VVhereby th'Almighty maker thus wee ſee,
Kinſman to men, to make himſelf to bee.

Making withal the virgins glorious fame,
In faithful hartes engrauen for to ſtand,
(VVhere of Gods mother thee muſt beare the name)
In faire carracters of a ſacred hand,
And ſuch a mother, mayd and wyf to bee,
As all her ſexe excelles in all thee three.

Cleere chaſtitie deſcending from her throne,
To do her homage here vpon the ground,
A garland brought, made by her ſelf alone,
Of Flowers that only were in *Eden* found,
And with obeyſance ſet it on her hed,
VVith tytle of eternal maydenhed.

The Angels trumps did ſound the heavens peace,
An eaſterne ſtar ſtream'd out the fyre of ioy,
God on his foot-ſtool did his ſtate decreaſe,
New amitie extinguiſht old annoy,
Hate had no place on all the earth to dwel,
But did remoue vnto her hows in hel.

O Infant offspring of vnending lyne,
That in this world to spring would so begin,
And with old Adams race thy self combyne,
And bee the man to satisfy for sin,
True God, true man, except with sin defyld,
VVho for to bee a man became a chyld.

Thus God in chyld-heid did appeere on earth,
Admitting tyme his manly growth to shew,
VVhose dayes yet crosled were by crosse of death,
Ere tyme on him could mannes ful tyme bestow,
But since for man hee would lost lyf obtayne,
Hee death to kil would first of death bee slaine.

A SECONDARY expositon.

THe contemplation of the mistery,
Of the subiected state of heauens king,
And the reuyual of the memory,
That three tymes thryce a day the bel doth ring,
Leades downe my muse from height I earst began,
Vnto the lowneſſe of the lyf of man.

First how in darcknes of self-knowing-state,
And as yf all foregoing tyme were night,
VVee enter in at this worldes cumbrous gate,
As doth the day new dawping with his light,
And that first treasure Tyme on vs bestowes,
In chyldish thinges vnwittingly wee lose.

Thence

Thence grow wee vp as do the howres of day,
Our dayes and yeares outrunning youthful rage,
From all repose *Tyme* carrying vs away,
Doth vnaware draw on our midle age.
And through his haste wil vs no leasure lend,
Once back to turne, youths errors to amend.

At noontyde of our dayes wee do arryue,
As doth the Sun at midday in his height,
VVhat tyme the bel a second sound doth giue,
To moue remembrance of the heauy waight,
Of sinnes huge burthen when high heauens grace,
In humaine flesh released humaine race.

The midday tyme, hath but the name of tyme,
For tyme himself no moment hath of stay,
Nor wee repose before or after pryme,
But as the Sun declyneth with the day,
So we declyne euen at our highest rate,
Changing with tyme the change of our estate.

Eftsoones drawes on the euentyde of our yeares,
As doth the Sun draw downward to the west,
VVhat tyme the bel reneweth to our eares,
The sound of ioy now twyce before expreſt,
To shew how in the worldes declyning ease,
Attendant hope obtayn'd expected grace.

Now of our lyf is come the better parte,
And of our labors frute to reap the gaine,
Yf youthes endeuours wrought our wel desart,
Or yf in lyf so long wee do remaine,
For from the tree where wee behold the bud,
Much frute falles downe ere it bee rype and good.

Lastly

Laſtly as day, our dayes their ending take,
And as before from darcknight wee aroſe,
Our day our nightes returne againe doth make,
And wee yeild vp vnto our laſt repoſe,
Our claime to earth, and all that nature gaue,
And lay vs downe where death ſhal dig our graue.

OF THE

OF THE STATE OF SOLI-tary lyf dedicated to the ſeruice of God.

OVVel are you that haue ſubdude,
The force of worlds deſyre,
And in the forte of ſblitude,
For ſafety do retyre.

Retyr'd from freedome ſo ſupoſ'd,
In ſtraightnes freedome fynde,
Becauſe true freedome is encloſ'd
In circuite of the mynde.

The world and fortune you depryue,
From doing you deſpight,
Dead vnto men, to God alyue,
That giues liues true delight.

That ſoule ſaith God which I affect,
I wil with-draw aparte
And tel vnto it in effect,
The ſecrets of my harte.

Think then you that retyred liue,
For Gods deere loue and dread,
His loue your ſoules deſyre did giue,
Retyred liues to lead.

VVhere as with him you might confer
VVhen ſole your ſelues you deeme,
And ſo alone leſſe neuer ar,
Then when alone you ſeeme.

Faith of your fort is gouernor,
Loue is liftenant there,
Hope is ordained officer,
The enſigne for to beare,

Contempt of welth is treaſurer,
VVho woorkes no guyle for gaynes,
VVhithin whoſe coffers neuer there,
Corrupting droſſe remaines.

Pure Chaſtitie the charge doth take,
The cloiſter cleane to keep,
And of her thoughtes the broome doth make,
VVherewith ſhee doth it ſweep.

Obedience which doth ſacrifiſe,
In valued woorth exceed,
Is redy for each exercyſe,
As duty deemeth need.

Perſeuerance is Centinel,
The watch-woord watch and pray,
VVhoſe due obſeruance doing wel,
The heauens do repay.

THE SVBSTANCE OF humaine fleſh.

AS once I did behold,
The potters actiue ſkil,
In ordring of his earthen pots,
According to his wil.

And ſome for woorthy vſe.
And ſome for ſeruile trade,
As hee them from one clod of clay,
In ſundry faſhons made.

And when they al were wrought,
And each was put a parte,
No cauſe they had (If they had could)
To blame their makers arte.

To each it might ſuffiſe,
To ſerue his vſe aſygn'd,
Since each to ſerue ſome proper vſe,
VVas vtile in his kynde.

Then as thereat I muſ'd,
It came vnto my thought,
How God euen from one maſſe of clay,
All humaine kynd had wrought,

Aſwel the ſilly wretch,
That liues in low degree,
As any mighty Emperor,
How puiſant ſo hee bee.

And how at his eſtate,
None rightly may repyne,
Since that the woorkman of his woork,
Hath freedome to deſigne.

And each in each degree,
Sufficient hath in charge,
And hee the more whoſe mighty rule,
Extendeth moſte at large.

For how more great the charge.
Cares burden greater weyes,
And greatneſſe beares the greateſt brunt,
And breedes the leſſer eaſe.

And vertue can aſwel
In cottages remaine,
As honor may in high eſtate,
In courtes of Princes raigne.

Let each him then diſpoſe,
VVel in his charge to ſerue,
To haue the hyre that at the laſt,
VVel-doing doth deſerue.

For when a whyle on earth,
Each hath ſeru'd in his turne,
Earths fragile woork earſt made of earth,
Muſt vnto earth returne.

VISIONS

VISIONS OF THE worlds inſtabillitie.

I.

WHen muſing on this worlds vaſted faſtnes,
Ere ſleep attain'd my ſenees to ſurprize,
Agreeved at the woful wretchednes,
That ſad examples ſet before myne eyes:
It chanced mee in this perturbed plight,
By *Morpheus* arreſted for to bee,
In whoſe cloſe priſon lying in the night,
Srange viſions then there did apeer to mee:
A ſpatious *Theatre* firſt mee thought I ſaw,
All hang'd with blacke to act ſome tragedie,
VVhich did mee vnto much attention draw,
To ſee the ſequel of the miſterie:
About the which, my braine oft haue I broken,
To ſkan what ſuch phantaſmataes betoken.

II.

I ſaw a Holly ſprig brought from a hyrſt,
And in a princely garden ſet it was,
VVhere of all trees it ſtroue to bee the firſt,
In ſtately height whereto it grew a pace:
Talle Cedar trees it ouertopped far,
And all with coral berries ouerſpred,

It seem'd the roses beauty for to mar,
And to deface it with a skarlet red:
VVhereat the Gardner when hee it suspected,
Or might perhaps misweene this trees intent,
For all first fauour now grew ill affected,
And all the boughes away did race and rent:
Thus stood disgrac'd the stock so braue before,
VVhich now of grief grew dead and sprong no more.

III.

Two stately pillers then to mee appered,
Of Ruby thone of Saphir thother was;
That on their bases strongly stood vpreared,
VVhose vnder-ground-woork was a rocky place:
And through transparent lustre shyning bright,
They not alone their beauty did extend,
But they did serue as lanternes in the night,
The trauailers from straying to defend:
Yet it befell, hee that the soyle did owe,
Gan to deuyse these pillars downe to take,
On his new buyding them for to bestow,
And woorkmen brought, & therefro ginnes did make:
But out alas, in langor I complaine,
In forceing them, they fel, and burst in twayne.

IIII.

I saw a bird, of Egles race I deeme,
For that shee hatched was in Egles nest.
VVhich of a Lord was held in high esteeme,
And to his lure shee only her adrest:
But it so fel that hee a Hauke espyde,
And tooke such pleasure in her speckled plume,
That hee for her his faire foule thrust a syde,
In vndeserued sorrow to consume:

But lo

But lo this Hauke he now bore on his fist,
Oblyg'd and taught to come when as hee lured,
VVould not by him bee lured as hee list,
But was by ſteleth to others lures enured:
VVhich when hee ſaw, in wrath and in deſpyte,
He wrang her neck of from her body quyte.

V.

A pleaſant erop of trees then did I ſee,
On which ſweet nightingales did ſit and ſing,
Til one that ſem'd to hate their melody,
Sought how hee might them to deſtruction bring:
He ſat vp ſnares and grinnes and lymy twigs,
And all deuyſes that might them betray,
And brake their neſtes that were among the ſprigs,
And many kild and many chaſte away:
And that they ſhould no more come there againe,
The very trees vnto the ground hee threw,
That ſcarſly any one he let remaine,
But ſee how iuſt reuenge did ſoone enſue;
His foot ſlipt in a pitfal hee had caſt,
And downe hee fel and ſo his neck he braſt.

V I.

A Giant then mee thought there came in place,
VVho dreaded was for greatneſſe of his ſtature,
And many trembled to behold his face,
And muſed at the ſtrangeneſſe of his nature:
for hee a ſwoord did hold in either fiſt,
And freindes and foes he cared not to kil,
For few could in his fauour long perſiſt,
Becauſe to keep his loue was ſuch a ſkil:
At laſt a monſter all compact of bones,
Came traytor-lyke and with a darte him hent,

That downe hee fel and so was dead as thee,
And as it seem'd, few did his losse lament:
And where alyue he monuments defaced,
Now dead, no monument on him was placed.

VII.

VVhen all these thinges were vanisht from my view,
At such vnwonted sights I greatly mused,
And though I not the certaine meaning knew,
Yet did it seeme, although it seem'd confused:
That thinges which are the cause of others wrong,
Themselues do often also suffer wrack,
VVhereby is seene that sway endures not long,
And that reuenge not alwayes cometh slack:
And that theirs none on earth hath leaue to tarry,
And that when bearing-rule hath taken end,
Fame doth suruyue, and takes an inuentarie,
Of rulers actions and whereto they tend:
And vnto after ages shee it shewes,
To learne them what of good or il ensues.

VERSES

VERSES OF THE worldes vanitie, ſuppoſed to bee made by S. Bernard.

And tranſlated into Engliſh to bee ſung to the tune they beare in Latin.

WHy doth this world contend,
For glorious vanitie,
VVhoſe welth ſo ſubiect is,
To mutabilitie.

As earthen veſſels faile,
Through their fragillitie,
So ſtandeth wordly force,
Vnſure and ſlipperie.

Caracters raſt in yce,
Think rather permanent,
Then earthly vanities,
Vading incontinent.

Shadowed with vertue pure,
But fals in recompence,
At no tyme yeilding vs,
True truſt or confidence.

To men more credit giue,
That want fidelitie,
Then truſt in worldly welth,
VVhich is but miſerie.

Falshood in fond-delight,
Pleasures in franticknes,
Desyred vanities,
Of fleeting ficklenes.

VVhere now is Salomon,
Somtyme in royaltie,
Or Sampson with his great,
Inuincibillitie.

Or gentle Ionathas,
Praised for freindlyneſſe,
Or faireſt Abſalon,
So rare in comlyneſſe.

VVheare now is Ceaſer gon,
High in authoritie,
Or Diues with his fare,
And ſumptuoſitie.

Tel now where Tullie is,
Cleereſt in eloquence,
Or Ariſtotle fled,
VVith his intelligence.

O ſilly vermens food,
O maſſe of duſtyneſſe,
O dew, o vanitie,
VVhence is thy loftineſſe.

To morrow for to liue,
Thow haſte no certainty,
Do good to all therefore,
VVhyle thow haſte liberty.

This wordly glorie great,
How ſhort a feaſt it is?
And lyke a ſhadow here,
Lo how it vaniſhes.

VVhich takes rewardes away,
Of long continuance,
And leades vs in the wayes,
Of erring ignorance.

This earthly glory moſte,
VVhich here is magnifyde,
In Scripture termed is,
As graſſe thats withered.

And as the lighteſt leaf,
The wynde a way doth blow,
So light is lyf of man,
For death to ouerthrow.

Think that which thow maiſt loſe,
Is not thyne certainly,
This world wil take againe,
Theſe gifts of vanitie.

Think then on thinges aboue,
On them thy harte adreſſe,
Contemne all worldly welth,
For endleſſe bleſſednes.

FINIS.